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The Week

THE unfitness of Harry Daugherty to be Attorney General of the United States is now open to all the world. His failure to take action long ago in the iniquitous oil scandal would itself be sufficient commentary on his conduct of the office; but added to it is the inescapable fact that he is himself implicated in that scandal, to such a degree that even the President takes it for granted he cannot act in the prosecution. The fact should at once and forever put an end to his public career. Daugherty has never, by character or training, been fitted for the high post which he has so lamentably failed to fill. He was, next to Fall, the most unfortunate appointment in an administration gravely tainted with favoritism. If he does not offer his resignation forthwith, President Coolidge should in justice to the government and the American people, demand it.

NOT in a generation have such shocking revelations of betrayal of trust by a high public official come to light as those regarding the relations of former Secretary Fall with the lease of public oil lands to H. F. Sinclair and E. L. Doheny. Whether Mr. Fall was technically guilty of accepting a bribe is not yet established; but the facts already made public are sufficient to shake in a grave degree the confidence of the American people in the integrity of those to whom have been delegated the tasks of responsible government. Mr. Fall received $100,000 from Mr. Doheny, $35,000 from Mr. Sinclair and from sources not yet revealed, at least $52,000 more. Mr. Fall, Mr. Doheny and Mr. Sinclair all publicly and formally lied about these transactions. Mr. Edward B. McLean lied about the $100,000 which he either did or didn't lend to Mr. Fall. The whole affair has been conducted by every individual implicated with the grossest, most brazen contempt for the truth and for the right of the American people to know that truth. Mr. Doheny and Mr. Sinclair, who testified that they expected to make a combined total of $125,000,000 out of the public lands Mr. Fall obligingly handed over to them, take the attitude that the purchase of a member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States is a matter of private business, no one's concern but their own. Ten thousand communists, armed with unlimited gold from Moscow could not in a decade do the democratic theory of government so much harm as has been accomplished by this precious crew.

IN the to-do over personal derelictions, there is danger that the far more important underlying principles will be overlooked. Once the United States had a policy of conservation of natural resources. For a few brief years, and after Herculean efforts, we pursued a course which promised the preservation of these resources for the benefit of the people, to whom they properly belong. Evidence is accumulating that under Presidents Harding and Coolidge that policy has been thrown on the scrap heap. The naval oil reserves were transferred from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior by Secretary Denby, probably in defiance of law, and

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certainly in disregard of public policy, for no apparent purpose except that huge deposits of a precious mineral resource could be abandoned to private exploitation. Similar developments have been seen in regard to the production of hydro-electric power, where private interests have been strong enough to force the removal of the head of an important government bureau who got in their way. President Coolidge in an extraordinarily calm statement, considering the nature of the charges, announces that if any crime has been committed, prosecutions will follow; that Democrats as well as Republicans are implicated; and that since the reasons for not using Harry Daugherty are all too plain, bi-partisan special counsel will be employed. This is all very well; but the nation is even more gravely concerned to know whether Mr. Coolidge shares the view, which seems to be the accepted one in Washington, that the proper use of the country's natural resources is to turn them over to private individuals who will extract the greatest possible profit in the shortest possible time.

THIS disgraceful episode will have the gravest effect on the political fortunes of the Republican party in the forthcoming campaign. Fall is no longer Secretary of the Interior; but other men remain in trusted positions in the administration, who cannot have failed to know that something was gravely amiss, and yet have kept silent when silence has meant a betrayal of public trust. President Coolidge himself sat as Vice-President in the Cabinet during the whole affair. It is extraordinary that he should never have lifted a finger in the matter until a few days ago, and not even then until after panic-stricken politicians rushing to the White House had warned him that Republican prestige was at stake. It is deplorable but true that the attitude of the administration seems based primarily on the desire to soft-pedal the scandal for politics' sake and only incidentally if at all on the wish to turn the rascals out no matter who or how many they may be. Such an attitude makes doubly difficult the already hard problem of the Progressives in House and Senate in the coming campaign. How can they with honor ask their constituents to return to power an administration not only wholly conservative but with the taint of corruption so heavily upon it?

THE Labor government of Great Britain begins its work in an atmosphere of general good will. It is praised, indeed, from so many conservative quarters that its friends may be justified in feeling some alarm; for the present approbation could only be continued if the party were to put into effect not a single one of its primary policies. For MacDonald to seek to maintain himself in power by a series of compromises of the Lloyd George type would be a disaster for himself and his party. No doubt he is well aware of this and has no intention of being seduced with soft words. Seven major points in his foreign policy are now being predicted. They are: (1) Full recognition for Russia, probably in exchange for an agreement to refrain from anti-British propaganda on the borders of India. (2) An endeavor to revive the League of Nations and use it as the instrument for solving the general European question. (3) Admission of Germany and Russia to the League for that purpose. (4) A general conference, probably utilizing League machinery, on reparations, inter-allied debts, the Ruhr and Rhineland problems and French security. (5) A renewal of the British offer to aid France in case of unprovoked assault by Germany—this not with the idea of its acceptance but to force France to show her hand and admit that her policy seeks, not security but the annihilation of Germany and dominance over the continent. (6) Another "Washington conference" to limit land and air forces. (7) Without any sudden or extreme action, a steady movement toward increasing autonomy for India—a policy which, however, will fall far short of what the Swarajists want. As for domestic affairs, stop-gap measures will be taken to ameliorate unemployment. Imperial preference and all other tariff proposals will be scrapped, despite the protests of men like Massey of New Zealand. The capital levy and nationalization of industry will be put aside until the day when Labor has an actual majority behind it.

THE treaty between France and Czecho-Slovakia has finally been signed; but the occasion can hardly be one for great rejoicing in Paris. Recent events give all too much justification for the belief that the French edifice which dominates the whole continent may turn out to be a house of cards. Beneš himself boldly declares that at the next meeting of the Little Entente, at Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia will give complete recognition to Russia. Czecho-Slovakia is now seeking treaties with England and Italy similar to that with France. She already has understandings with Poland and Austria and expects one with Hungary in the near future. Italy and Jugoslavia are, as we go to press, on the eve of consummating their formal agreement. Italy and Spain have accomplished an alliance aimed directly at France. Poland has given complete recognition to Russia and the MacDonald government in England is about to do the same. True, France still has the largest army in Western Europe. She is still the guardian of the treaties of 1919, the charter of liberties of the Little Entente. Yet her general position grows weaker every day. If the Russian armies should come to the aid of Germany, the best France could definitely dare hope for would be that the Little Entente would remain

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neutral. Poland would aid her, because she must do so in self-defence, but Poland is bankrupt and distraught and would be helpless between the German anvil and the Russian hammer. It is no wonder that the Paris Temps solemnly remarks that everything considered, perhaps the League of Nations offers France the best hope for security. Some machinery for mutual guarantees against aggression, on the part of all European states, under the League or otherwise, offers not only the best but the only hope.

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY continues to justify his reputation as the most indefatigable devourer of newspapers alive. He has just bought the New York Evening Mail, knocked it on the head (to borrow Arthur Brisbane's happy phrase) and consolidated it with the Evening Telegram. It was his fifteenth important newspaper purchase, his ninth in New York City, and the price paid is reported to have been in excess of $2,000,000. Since The Evening Mail was an unimportant, conservative Republican paper, and the Evening Telegram a nonentity, the combination is not a matter of profound importance to the reading public. It reminds us again, however, of the steady movement toward consolidation and syndicate ownership in the field of journalism—a field more touched with the public interest than almost any other. New York not long ago possessed two liberal evening papers, the Globe and Post, a labor daily, the Call, and a morning paper, the Sun, which was so skilfully and brightly written as to make it the idol of newspapermen the country over. Of these four two have been bought and killed by Mr. Munsey, one has suffered the same process at the hands of Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Philadelphia, and the fourth has suspended publication after an injudicious attempt to expand its activities without adequate backing. Of the five evening papers now left in New York, one belongs to Hearst, three are faithful exponents of "hard-boiled" conservatism, and the fifth, the Evening World, while it copies the admirable editorial policy of its morning sister sheet, is so popularly-written, in the effort to gain a large circulation, as to offer little solace to the intelligent man desirous of getting an adequate picture of what is going on at home and abroad. The situation in New York, in this regard, is not dissimilar from that throughout the nation.

THE Los Angeles Times recently indulged in an extraordinary piece of journalistic enterprise. Miss Rebecca West, English novelist and literary critic, is now engaged on a lecture tour of the United States. By way of preliminary to her appearance in Los Angeles the Times publishes a two-column-and-a-half article by one Belle Cooper, "vice principal in the Polytechnic High School," hinting in terms so broad as to be unmistakable that Miss West is not a proper person to address the more than Caesarian wives of Los Angeles' Babbittry. Reason? Because, forsooth, Miss West "has been since the very first issue of the magazine a reviewer for the New Republic." This journal, our readers may remember, is excluded from the public school libraries of Los Angeles by a school board so emotionally-minded that it is still in the grip of war hysteria, and so unintelligent that it is unable to differentiate a magazine which supported American participation in the war from one which did not. Miss Cooper, of course, violates honorable journalistic practice when she holds an innocent foreign contributor responsible for the editorial policy of a journal. She goes further and does worse, when she observes that the editor of the London Sporting News was recently fined and imprisoned on the ground of indecent publication, for quoting some passages from Sherwood Anderson; and that Miss West has publicly confessed admiration for the work of that writer! "England was proving, perhaps," Miss Cooper speculates, in what we trust is not typical Los Angeles clubwoman style, "too uncomfortable a place for a writer of the type of Rebecca West." The vice-president of the Polytechnic High School may perhaps be pardoned for the breach of journalistic courtesy involved in her article, on the ground that not being a professional, she is under no obligation to know better. But we should like to inquire of Mr. Harry Chandler, owner of the Times, prominent in the affairs of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, and recipient of the Los Angeles' Realty Board's gold watch as that city's most useful citizen (1921) what he thinks of this sort of thing in the columns of his paper?

THE convention of the United Mine Workers of America at Indianapolis produced no surprises during the first week of its session. President John L. Lewis remained in firm control and effectively quashed all efforts of the radical minority. The resolution on nationalization of the mines remains the mild and meaningless declaration of ultimate intention which has been in the annual platform for years. On the recognition of Russia a position hardly different from that of Secretary Hughes was adopted. Gloomy reports were made that there is no prospect of an alliance with railroad labor. President Lewis obviously believes that a strike this spring in the bituminous fields would be a disaster to the men. He hopes that in the wage scale negotiations which open in Jacksonville, Florida, February 11, a long agreement, perhaps as long as four years, can be made at substantially the present level, though a ten to twenty-five per-cent advance may be asked as a bargaining point.

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AS it turns out, no effort is to be made to thwart the plans of the Army and Navy Departments to spend a large amount of taxpayers' money on their respective aerial enterprises, which are alike in huge costliness, danger to the lines of those engaged, and comparative uselessness from the scientific point of view. Everyone in close touch with the progress of dirigible navigation knows it has not yet progressed far enough to justify the Shenandoah's attempted flight over the North Pole. Everyone knows, too, that the modicum of truth which lies behind the alleged reasons for the flight is not such as to warrant the attempt. As for the army's 'round-the-world aeroplane flight it will prove nothing which has not already been demonstrated by the trans-Atlantic passage of the navy's seaplane squadron. What we learned from that attempt was that the thing can be done, by throwing away money in a sufficiently reckless fashion; but that even so, the participants have no more than an even chance of coming through the danger alive.

THESE two projects are the more to be regretted because so much needs to be done to encourage aviation in the United States which the army and navy might easily be doing instead of wasting Treasury money on enterprises which must remain fantastically needless even if successfully carried out. The United States is lagging far behind Europe in the development of cross-country passenger flying. Any number of projects of this sort have been announced in recent years with a flourish of trumpets, only to disappear into the vast limbo of subjects of yesterday's headlines. The Shenandoah might easily be used to demonstrate whether or not Zeppelin service between New York and Chicago is actually feasible; and the army airplane pilots might supplement the brilliant work of the air mail service by proving that long inland flights with passengers are as practicable here as in Europe.

ACCORDING to the records compiled by Tuskegee Institute, there were twenty-eight persons lynched in 1923 as compared with fifty-seven in 1922. Of the persons lynched in 1923, twenty-six were Negroes. Rape or attempted rape was the charge in seven of the cases. Florida and Mississippi had eight lynchings each and Georgia four. Seven of the persons lynched were taken from jails and six from the hands of officers of the law. There were forty-six instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings; in eight instances persons charged with lynching were brought to trial, but only two lynchers were sent to the penitentiary. On the whole, the record is a great improvement over earlier years. There is unquestionably a growing sentiment against lynching, and we are probably justified in crediting it with a part of the improvement. Other factors are the movement of Negroes out of the localities where lynching is popular, and a late realization that the prosperity of the South depends on holding the Negro worker.

ARNOLD ANDERSON, a young man of twenty-three, and a victim of the drug habit, killed H. C. Moore, a real estate man of Jersey City, N. J. He was arrested and tried. There was no valid evidence against him save that of his own father to whom he had confessed. The father, strongly religious, believed it his duty to repeat this confession on the witness stand. The jury found young Anderson guilty of murder in the first degree and recommended "clemency." Under the New Jersey State law, a jury is not permitted to do this. Its recommendation can only take the form of asking life imprisonment instead of the death penalty. Because of this verbal inaccuracy on the part of ignorant jurymen, (all of whom have since signed a statement that life imprisonment was what they meant to ask) Anderson must die, although the judge and all other individuals in close contact with the case agree that the murderer was at the time in a pathological state which made him irresponsible. It is cases like this which have whittled away, for the popular mind, the majesty of the law.

FROM time to time a shortage is threatened in the supply of some basic commodity, such as coal or sugar or gasoline, and the price to the consuming public suddenly jumps to an unreasonable figure. The newspapers are filled with complaints of profiteering, and there is loud talk of a congressional investigation. But usually, before this takes place, the price level recedes again and every one forgets all about it, though the public has in the meantime been robbed of millions, perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars. A way to prevent these recurring crises has recently been proposed by Mr. Durand, long a chief examiner for the Federal Trade Commission. Writing in The Spotlight, he suggests a plan which has also been adopted by the progressive group in the present House—namely, that the President should be given "emergency control" over all basic necessities. This control would not be exercised unless a genuine emergency existed of a sort likely to cost the public dearly. At those times, the President would have power to fix reasonable prices, and to prevent departure from the most efficient methods of distribution. Violation of his orders would be presumptively a criminal act.

MR. DURAND recognizes that his scheme would require acceptance in law of the theory that basic necessities are "charged with public interest and use." It would also require that some such body as the Federal Trade Commission should collect and distribute vital facts regarding the industries

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involved, even when no emergency existed. Such studies would be necessary in order to determine fair price levels for the President's guidance. Its author believes that this plan would not only prevent gouging at the time of a coal strike or sugar shortage, but would tend to stabilize the price level at all times, preventing not only unwarranted high prices but also undesirably low ones. The proposal is at least interesting, and deserves careful consideration. Two obvious weaknesses are pointed out by Mr. Durand—its effectiveness would depend upon the calibre of the man who happened to be President when any given emergency arose, and the question of its constitutionality must ultimately be passed upon by the Supreme Court.

Liberalism and British Labor

THE license which the Labor party has recently received from King and Parliament to carry on the government of the United Kingdom is creditable to the political good sense of the British nation. The title of the party to set up a government was by no means incontestable. Majorities of the other two parties could have followed Winston Churchill's advice and have formed a government of the centre on the plausible pretext of rescuing the country from the perils of socialism. Under similar circumstances in this country some such coalition would have taken place. In addition there would have been a powerful minority to whom socialist administration would forebode the destruction of the American commonwealth as they valued it, and who would have gone to any extreme, including even a Fascist revolution, in order to prevent the Republic of the Fathers from being turned over to its enemies. But that quality in the British nation which has enabled it to contribute so many traditions, institutions and inventions to the political heritage of western Christendom emerged triumphant. The other two parties decided to grant Labor the same franchise which they would have granted to a similarly situated middle class minority. The British Labor party, socialist though it be, has obtained the same sporting chance to govern the country and to educate its leaders by means of participation in the responsibilities and activities of government which its competitors have always possessed. It has no excuse for not remaining a constitutional party. The social revolution by due process of law has begun in Great Britain. The British prophesy it by sprinkling it with the perfume of respectability.

The credit for behaving fairly to the Labor party belongs chiefly to Mr. Asquith and the other leaders of the Liberals. Theirs was a shrewd decision. It will considerably improve the chance not only of an orderly transition in Great Britain from a capitalist to a social economy but of the survival of Liberalism as a positive influence in British politics. If the Liberals had coalesced with a majority of the Conservatives to exclude the Labor party from government, they would have betrayed the spirit of Liberalism for the benefit of an apprehensive Conservatism. The refusal to coalesce was an affirmation in conduct of the spiritual importance of the Liberal tradition. It implied that in the opinion of Liberals the conflict between Liberalism and Conservatism was quite as significant as the conflict between Liberalism and Labor. It proposed in substance a friendly rivalry between the Liberals and Labor for the office of standard-bearer of the cause of social progress in the United Kingdom.

The competition is to start, paradoxically enough, with the deliberate grant by the Liberals to Labor of the opportunity to set up a government, but this grant, generous and wise though it be, is equivalent to an attack on the weakest part of the Labor line. In its present stage of development the Labor party is less likely to make good as a government than as a radical opposition to which the privilege of government is unfairly denied. Its leaders are lacking in administrative experience. Its members are non-conformists by tradition and are not accustomed to wielding power and to sacrificing individual scruples for the benefit of party unity. They are committed to experiments in domestic and foreign policy which can hardly be successful unless they can invent new methods.

All of these probable sources of weakness which would have remained submerged in opposition will during the next few months come to the surface. If they come to the surface, the Liberals will appeal to the voters at the next election to withdraw confidence from a party which, no matter how admirable its purpose, is declared to be incapable either of setting up a capable government or of supplying an equivalent in practice for its too ambitious plans of social transformation.

The Labor party could not afford to decline the challenge of its opponents. Many of its ablest members fully realize the hazard of the venture. The chances are, as they well know, that they will not succeed. They are likely to lose credit with their fellow countrymen and fare worse at the next general election. But they realize too the increased reality and prestige which in the long run the carrying on of the government will give to their party. They believe devoutly that their program embodies the future needs of the British nation, and that during their term of office, however brief and unsuccessful, they can speak winged words, launch educational experiments, create hopes and act upon creative assumptions which will impress the imaginations of their fellow countrymen and anticipate the economic and social development which the British Commonwealth is bound to take. Even though their first government proves to be in cer-

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tain respects a disappointment, it is a necessary preparation and discipline for future success.

This confidence on the part of British Labor in its own political future as compared to that of the Liberals is born of a plausible interpretation of the evolution of the British parties. From the point of view of Labor the Liberal party can no longer qualify as the standard bearer of social progress for one sufficient reason. It represents a class whose interests and behavior and tendencies are opposed to social reconstruction. There was a time about a hundred years ago when the middle class was insufficiently represented in the economic, political and social organization of the Commonwealth: but in the course of the nineteenth century it gradually triumphed over the landed gentry and became the dominant power in the state. Yet just because it is the dominant power in the state, the majority of its members are predisposed to conservatism. Labor has come to occupy the position which the middle class did one hundred years ago. The Labor party voices the demand for a permanent and a positive share in government from a hitherto practically disfranchised estate of the British realm. It is performing a work in British development analogous to that which the Whig aristocracy did toward the end of the seventeenth century and which the Liberal middle class did during the nineteenth century.

The Liberal party has become in the eyes of Labor the representative of an idea—the idea of a Liberal as distinct from a Conservative or Labor policy. But parties are power organizations and cannot survive as the representatives merely of ideas. They are manufactured out of the popular needs and prevailing types of behavior. The party which carries the banner of social progress in the United Kingdom must be composed of those people to whom the existing social organization denies sufficient opportunities of self-development. The Liberal party is made up chiefly of men and women who directly or indirectly are subsidized by the existing economic system, and it connot adequately represent the needs of the people who live by work. The wage-earners, if they are to play the part in politics and society to which they are entitled, must operate their own instrument of government. They do not and cannot sufficiently participate in government by voting for members of other classes. Voters participate in government by governing. Voters who are also wage-earners will never become really enfranchised except through a party organization whose members live by labor and which is organized and qualified to take over the whole responsibility of government.

Such in general is the argument of British Labor in support of its conviction that the Labor party will survive in a struggle for existence with the Liberal party. The argument is, we believe, difficult to answer. If there are in the future to be two parties in the United Kingdom rather than several, those two parties are likely to represent on the one hand a middle class which is reluctant to abandon its privileges and on the other a wage-earning class which is agitating to obtain and striving to deserve a share of social opportunity and power. Neither of these parties would call itself Liberal. But the gradual disappearance of the Liberals as a party would not imply the disappearance of Liberalism as an intellectual and moral force. If and when the members of the Liberal party are distributed among its Conservative and Labor rivals, they can hardly fail to carry with them into their new domicile something of the habit of mind which has on the whole been the most valuable and distinctive contribution of Liberalism to social progress. They will carry with them the disposition to conceive a nation as an association whose members are pledged to talk over their dissensions and to test their conflicting proposals by an appeal to experience rather than to take refuge either in warfare or in factious non-coöperation. This disposition already exists to a certain extent both in the Conservative and the Labor parties, but it would be enormously strengthened by an additional infusion of members who cherish the Liberal ideal.

Liberalism is at bottom a leaven whose influence cannot be confined by the struggle of parties for power. It is the expression under the conditions brought about by the increasing modern control of man over nature of the traditional search of the humanists for a more enlightened way of liberating individual and social life. But Liberalism in this spiritual sense early in the nineteenth century became confused with the ambitions, interests and philosophy of the class which the increasing control of man over nature happened first to liberate—the class of capitalist promoters. This class sought to interpret Liberalism in terms of political and economic dogmas which glorified a competitive automatic individualism; but it never wholly succeeded. During the last twenty years, Liberalism of the mind has become increasingly separated from the Liberalism of the class or the party. It has become increasingly conscious of itself as the social philosophy of the group who aspire to emancipate human lives through the pursuit and application of knowledge. It can supply a nourishing intellectual diet for all parties and all classes; but the party which can least afford to get along without it is the company of radicals who in their own eyes are the only true standard-bearers of social progress. Labor may and probably will take over from the Liberals the task of supplying an official alternative to Conservatism in the British party system, but unless its leaders take over also from the Liberal state of mind its early faith in the pursuit of new truth as the chief agency of human deliverance and as in itself the main highroad to the good life, they will prove to be incapable servants of the great cause which they claim to represent.

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The Stability of the Soviets

AN excellent test of the stability of any political organization is its power to withstand the shock of the loss of its prime mover. Lenin created the Soviet organization. So long as he enjoyed full physical and intellectual vigor he held a position of undisputed chieftainship. He dared not only to put through his original program ruthlessly, but also to modify it radically in the direction of a compromise with the economic system against which he was in revolt. Even after he was stricken down by disease, his ideas and prestige and the chance of his recovery counted for more in shaping the policy of the Soviet government than the wills of all the other members combined. Now he is dead. What is to become of the organization he created?

There is apparently little expectation among either the friends or the enemies of the Soviet government that any change in it is impending in the near future. Three years ago, or even two, the death of Lenin would have thrown the Russian émigrés and the western conservative press into a paroxysm of prophecy. The prevailing tone today is extremely cautious. It is generally acknowledged, now, that Lenin's hold on the Russian people went deeper than mere terrorism. It is not the Communists alone, a small minority of the population, who are mourning him. There is much reason for doubting that it is the Communists alone who are supporting the régime Lenin created. It is certain that passive acquiescence in the Soviet system must be fairly general, since no one can point to a political force anywhere in Russia strong enough to menace the Soviet government with violent overthrow. We take it that the peasant masses, while by no means active partisans of the Soviet régime, feel that it is better to be content with their present evils than fly into the arms of new and unknown ones. The Soviet government appears to be in no immediate danger from an outside attack. If it goes down in the near future it will be on account of internal dissensions.

Dissensions, it has been voluminously reported, have recently become very active within the Communist party, from which the Soviet government admittedly draws its chief active support. The quarrel seems to lie in the field of party organization, not in the field of economic policy. There has been much talk in the press of a "swing to the Left," but no facts have come to light indicating that any important faction seeks to abandon the "New Economic Policy" of concessions to private trading.

A reaction toward pure communism would be patently absurd at a time when Russia is just on the point of securing diplomatic recognition by England, to be followed shortly, no doubt, by the Little Entente and Italy. The questions at issue within the party involve little more than the wider or narrower distribution of power. They are of no immediate interest to outsiders. But in the long run they are likely to be of great significance, since they bear on the relation of the governing body to the party on the one hand and to the masses of the population on the other.

Economically Russia has touched rock bottom and is slowly moving upward. What war and revolution could do to the artificial and unstable structure of Tsarist industry they have already done. Gradually and painfully the industries that can live without foreign capital and foreign technical management are getting on their feet. Rather imposing purchases of raw cotton have been made in America—a sufficient proof that the textile industry is reviving. The movement of exports and imports is increasing, also with painful sluggishness. The indications are that in much greater degree than before the war the economic life of Russia will in the next decades be dominated by the export of raw material and foodstuffs and the import of industrial products. Such a condition demands the continuance of the New Economic Policy and a considerable extension of it. The government will have to relax its grip on foreign trade as it has already relaxed its grip on domestic trade, if it is to float with the current of national evolution. Will it be willing and able to make the necessary adjustments?

The group now in power have learned much about the art of governing in the last six years. They have been forced to recognize the claims of political expediency as against the exactions of party dogma. Lenin established for them the precedent of the "strategic retreat." Left to themselves they might be expected to make the concessions essential to the gradual revival of Russian economic life. But the question is whether they can do this with the consent and backing of the party, or will have to move away from the party and seek support elsewhere.

We cannot conceive of the Communist party as a whole, indoctrinated as it is with extremist ideas, accepting willingly all the departures from the system that will be demanded by reviving economic life. A split between the party and the government appears inevitable, in the course of time. The government will have to manage somehow to shift the base of its support from the "proletariat" to the peasantry if it is to maintain its continuity indefinitely.

It is the consensus of émigré opinion that this can not be done. The Communist party, it is assumed, will maintain control of the government and hold it in a purely obstructionist position until the rising tide of popular discontent sweeps it away. Emigré opinion may be right in this instance. It has been wrong so consistently that we

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find it hard even to take it seriously. At all events it seems clear that with the removal of the ban on Russia that will follow British recognition Russia will move toward a more democratic régime, whether through the adaptation of Soviet institutions or through their downfall.

Bribing the French Press

AMERICAN newspapers have often been criticized for commercialism; but the most envenomed critic has never dreamed of accusing them of such utter corruption as has now been charged as existing among the newspapers of France in the fairly recent past. A condition of almost unbelievable venality, involving nearly every important paper in the French capital, has lately been revealed in such a way that it is impossible to see how the accused journals can make any effective defence.

These revelations, like so many others which have embarrassed the Western European powers in recent years, are from the secret archives of the Tsar's government. They were made public by the Soviet authorities at Moscow, and published verbatim a few weeks ago in L'Humanité, Parisian communist daily. They refer for the most part to the period 1904 to 1906, during which Russia was floating, in France, the bond issues which were subsequently to play such an important part in world politics. The Russo-Japanese war, it will be remembered, flamed into open hostilities in 1904. In 1905 came the abortive Russian revolution. The safety of Russian imperial government bonds as an investment was therefore at this time by no means beyond question. In order to force them upon investors, it was necessary that the French press refrain from taking an alarmist view of Russian affairs.

This was successfully accomplished by the simple process of bribery. The editors were bribed. The managing editors were bribed. The financial writers were bribed. Not even the fictitious formality of inserting advertisements was gone through. The leading spirits of French journalism appeared to have called upon the gentlemen who were disbursing funds for the Russian government and each one received his price, ranging from a thousand francs or so onward to a hundred times that sum. Whenever possible, the Russians sought a written record, in the form of letters or cancelled checks, for use as subsequent counter-blackmail. Some of the journalists were too shrewd for this and demanded cash.

In the year 1904, according to the Russian government record, the sum spent in bribing the French press was 935,785 francs. In 1905, it was more than twice as large—2,014,161 francs. On August 30, 1904, Raffalovitch, secret adviser to the Russian Minister, declared that "during the first ten months the abominable venality of the French press will have absorbed—besides advertising expenses for our loan of 800,000,000—the sum of 600,000 francs of which the bankers have furnished one-half." (The English translation here used is that of The Living Age). On October 5, 1906, Raffalovitch writes that Le Temps alone had been bribed 100,000 francs in connection with the loan of that year—and still published objectionable articles!

On March 22, 1905, the same gentleman recorded in a letter the fact that "Le Petit Journal and Le Petit Parisien, each of which has received 30,000 francs a month from the Boers—Roels was the intermediary—wish 15,000 francs from Russia. I have refused absolutely to pay this. Dumont has capitulated for 32,000 francs in place of 62,000 francs. I did not suppose that the journal of Dupuy, Le Petit Parisien, was so venal."

The detailed record is quite in line with these specimens. On March 9, 1905, the invaluable Raffalovitch drew 4,950 francs to be spent partially in bribing the Havas (news) Agency, partly to subsidize other papers. At the same time, the editor of Le Temps, M. Hebrard, was "sweetened" with 1,000 francs. In the following April, Raffalovitch announces the expenditure of 3,000 francs to buy M. Calmette, managing editor of Figaro and the use of an unnamed sum for M. Berthoulat of La Liberté. In the following July, 3,000 francs more were spent on the voracious Temps. On November 4, Raffalovitch telegraphs for "45,000 or 50,000 francs additional" to be distributed to Le Temps, Le Petit Parisien, Le Journal, Figaro, Gaulois, the Havas Agency and three other unspecified papers. On January 23, 1906, Davidov, Chief of the Loan Division of the Russian Treasury, reported to Kokovtzev:

> I have the honor to submit to your Excellency, a note concerning expenses of the loan division of the Treasury for subsidizing the press. The sums indicated do not include the amount for advertising our loans. . . .

On May 11 of that year, Bregand, financial editor of Le Matin wrote to Raffalovitch asking for information on which to base "two articles a month for six months" for Le Matin, "to fulfill our obligations under our monthly subsidy." In the following autumn M. Arthur Meyer of Gaulois called on Raffalovitch to complain that the bribes promised his paper had not been received. At about the same time Raffalovitch records the expenditure of 11,000 francs for a three months' "arrangement" with the Havas Agency.

What have the Paris papers to say for themselves, in the light of these disclosures? It will be difficult to revive the usual cry of "forgery," since the files of the papers exist to reveal the editorial position taken by each at the times specified by the engaging Mr. Raffalovitch. Incidentally, if any of the American correspondents in Paris has

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taken the trouble to cable the news of these sickening revelations as made in the columns of L'Humanité, we have been unable to discover it.

Most important of all, of course, is the light thrown by these disclosures upon the present attitude of the Paris press toward M. Poincaré and his policy. If editors are willing to suppress the truth for a few thousand francs from the Tsar, how much more likely are they to bend to the will of their own government on such important matters as the state of the national finance and the results of the Ruhr invasion! L'Humanité's revelations have left the candor and good faith of the entire French press under the gravest suspicion. It remains for these gentlemen to clear themselves of the charge of intellectual prostitution—if they can.

The American Mercury

WHEN Messrs. Mencken and Nathan announced that they were going to have a vehicle all their own, a beautiful green and black tandem steamroller, in which they, along with all their prejudices, health, and Sandow sarcasm proposed to drive down the middle of the American road, there was considerable excitement. The first number has come and gone, and in some cities is reported to be already worth ten dollars a copy. And now here is the second instalment of what has been referred to as the literary event of the year—praise with which we need not quarrel, since the total number of years is large.

It was understood that this new venture would give Mr. Mencken wider scope for an increasing interest in politics and general affairs, and the first number contained a declaration of faith not signed by him, to be sure, but unmistakably characteristic. The American Mercury wasn't going to follow any creed, nor be bowed under the consciousness of any mission, nor advocate any panacea. It disclaimed any tendency to radicalism (some years ago its editors would have been more likely to disclaim conservatism). It proposed to steer a middle course, not from any motives of caution or "liberalism," but because a coal barge in midchannel has a better chance of bumping into and sinking all other craft, whether they be hugging the left bank or the right. It proposed, in general, to have a good time, which is the purpose Mr. Mencken has gaily admitted to be his only real one whatever he writes.

"Iconoclastic" is a word which one fears will be frequently applied to our Mercury. A better word will have to be invented to describe someone who loves to hear the crash of empty bottles quite as much as that of ikons, who often can't tell the difference between them, and who always uses the same crowbar on both. The resulting noise is so loud as almost to sound like a philosophical system, and many people have been fooled accordingly. Some of them have even contributed to the Mercury, for it is Mr. Mencken's misfortune to attract minds of equal cynicism (in the most literal lamppost sense) but of inferior ferocity. These imitators (from whose number we emphatically exclude the brilliant and genuinely damaging articles by John Owens and Ernest Boyd) seem engaged largely in demonstrating that one puncture isn't enough to let the air out of an old tire.

There is a heavy concentration of this state of mind in the second number, which is rather monotonous with petulant muckraking and apparently wilful ill-humor. Even Mr. Mencken, in a neither able nor amusing editorial, is nearer spleen than savagery; even he, who is usually peeling a new cudgel, is content with the old name-calling—"unjust," "insane," "ludicrous," "idiots," "dervishes," "sorcerers," "swindle," "buffoonery," "yokel," "blackmail," "ass." It has become a habit, like cursing central for the wrong number.

Certainly it would be useful to have, in this profoundly imperfect America, a journal whose chief and only function it was to point out, without attempt at or suggestion of remedy, like the barker on a sightseeing bus, all the atrocities and imperfections. This function the American Mercury seems likely to assume and to perform in the spirit of Flea in the American Bed. Well, fleas are valuable, and we have done a good deal of biting ourselves. But it is discouraging to find, so early in the Mercury's career, such a lack of variety, gaiety, humor and discrimination in its attack, and so strong a tendency to use the same vocabulary whether speaking of a deep cancer or of a surface rash. We do not expect Mr. Mencken to understand anything in America (except its language), but we did expect, though we are now prepared to admit we had no business to, that not all of the Mercury's complaint would be uttered in the same tone of voice. On the whole, we expect no startling deviation in the future from the two numbers already before us; Messrs. Mencken and Nathan will continue shooting at mastodons with birdshot, and at guinea pigs with an elephant gun.

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Fundamentals

IT is an old story that the right name is half the battle in moral and social disputes. With the fundamentalists, their key-word, whether or no it turn out to be half the battle, is nine-tenths of their case, perhaps ninety-nine one-hundredths. The craving of human beings for something solid and unshakable upon which to rest is ultimate and unappeasable. Many philosophers have made the search for a principle of certitude their chief quest. They sought certainty, however, not because they were philosophers but because they were human. Certainty merely happened to be the name given to the object of their particular human desire for a harbor that cannot be troubled, a support that cannot be weakened. Fundamentals are the answer to man's cry for security, living as he does a life of uncertainty in a world that is always on the move.

Just what is taken to be so fixed and final that man may repose upon it, differs with race, clime, epoch and temperament. Looking at the variety of philosophic and religious ideas of the basic and ultimate which history displays, it seems hopeless to try to define fundamentals except in a circular manner. They are whatever afford a considerable group of men living amid troubles and vicissitudes a sense of stability, safety, peace. There have even been those who carried doubt to such a point that it ceased to be a torturing perplexity, a harassing of the soul. To them scepticism become an ultimate exercise, something so certain that nothing could affect it. The mere act of doubting became a sacred rite; the performance of it afforded the requisite sense of the solid and unshakable.

Two things are equally inept. One is to forget that human nature must have something upon which to rest; the other is to fancy that one's own preferred foundation-stones are the only things that will bring stability and security to others.

As far as names go, the fundamentalists have shrewdly stolen a march on their foes in the title they have given themselves. In putting their opponents in the light of having incidentals instead of fundamentals, they have shifted the issue. Instead of raising the question, what truths and beliefs are likely at the present day to provide needed foundations, they have created a presumption that theirs is the only brand of fundamentals. One can hear them reiterating on every hand: Take ours, or go entirely without.

Between fundamentalism and modernism as tendencies within ecclesiastical denominations, this seizure of strategic ground by one party is of no great interest to outsiders; the war is civil, domestic. But it is always of public interest that issues should not be confused; there should be at least intellectual clarity as to what is at stake. And the very names under which contending parties are now ranked is proof that the issue has not been clarified; there is no real joining of issues. In consequence, a controversy which has tremendously caught the popular imagination and aroused public interest—conceive religion on the first page!—is likely to produce too much heat and smoke where light is needed.

Obviously there is no inherent conflict between fundamentalism and modernism. Modernism joins issue with traditionalism. The respective claims over human life of traditions and of novel discoveries is a matter which is unsettled and which is of immense import for the conduct of life. There is much to be said on both sides. Yet it has hardly begun to be faced as an intellectual question. Such consideration of it as has been undertaken is entangled in questions of the merits of some particular tradition and some particular discovery—such as the Mosaic tradition of the world's creation against the discovery of the principle of evolution. If the issue had taken the form of literalism versus symbolism, controversy would have been enlightening as well as important. There are doubtless some matters which have to be taken with a certain literalness or not taken at all; brute matters of fact, for instance. There are other matters which lend themselves naturally to poetry, and where a vesture of emotion and imagination is favorable to the apprehension of the meanings involved. Honesty demands that things of the first kind be taken literally. Only crude, illiterate Philistinism will insist upon translating poetic symbolism into the prose of the first reader. But just where is the division line to be drawn in religious beliefs at present?

Just what in religion today, in the Christian religion in particular, is matter of fact to be accepted as such? Just what is symbolism, of value as far as it fulfills the functions of ready conveyance of moral truths and of inspiriting men to their observation in life? If existing controversy were definitely devoted to clearing up such questions as these it would get somewhere over and above a victory of one faction over another. Yet while those who follow the discussion find this issue touched upon here and there, they do not find it, it seems to me, clearly faced. The presentation of the issue as between fundamentalism and modernism tends to create only obscuration.

Again, one finds involved in the discussion the issue of the claims of institutional authority versus personal liberty of judgment. This issue is probably one in which the average person is most interested; the one in which he understands the controversy now raging in the churches. For this is an issue with which most men are already familiar; they have met it in politics. They have become used to thinking of a struggle between institutional authoritarianism and personal libertarianism as

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the fundamental thing in political history. But it may be doubted whether the issue is being clearly joined in the existing controversy. If one wants to find an uncompromising expression of the claims of the institution over the individual, one has to go beyond the High Church party in the Episcopal Church, to the Roman Catholic Church. And if one wants to find an unqualified assertion of liberty of personal belief, one has for the most part to travel outside the bounds of even liberal protestant churches. Hence compromise, ambiguity of statement, vague qualifying clauses, hang like a fog over the discussion within the Protestant churches.

The traditionalist and literalist—I cannot strain my conscience to the point of calling him a fundamentalist—asserts an inerrant written authoritative truth—the scriptures. But no written document interprets itself, least of all such a collection of documents spread over a long period of history as the Bible. Where is the inerrant interpreter in Protestantism to correspond with the inerrant document? If it is the redeemed soul, enlightened in the very fact of its redemption, how is it that the testimony of the saints varies so much? And if it is the authority of church conferences, synods, presbyteries and conventicles in the past, why should continued power of interpretation have departed? Why do not their successors yearly, yes weekly, employ newly gained knowledge to issue pronunciamentoes as to the right interpretation of the inerrant scriptures? And, since such a course implies training and information, why are not inquiry and discussion encouraged to the uttermost? —not in the name of liberalism, but in the name of the supreme importance of a correct understanding of the one ultimate inerrant authority bequeathed to man.

These questions are intended to suggest the impenetrable confusion which surrounds the thinking of the traditionalist party when one takes their own standpoint. Denying infallibility in man and to any body of men, in effect they proclaim the infallibility of men who lived many centuries ago in periods of widespread ignorance, of unscientific methods of inquiry, of intolerance and persecuting animosity, when demonstrably the object in many cases was not so much to find truth as to down an opponent.

On the other hand, it is almost impossible to find from the side of the liberal a clear statement of just what method and criterion he holds to and is willing to see carried through to the end. He is identified with some church. Therefore he obviously believes in the value for religion of corporate tradition and organization. It is surprising to find so many persons carried away by the argument that if a clergyman does not accept the faith of his ecclesiastic institution in the sense in which it is understood by the majority, or by those in chief authority, he should "get out." Just because such a one is devoted to his corporate organization and finds himself at one with it in spirit, he clings to the fact that it is *his* church, that he belongs there, and feels assured that it will move toward fuller light. Such persons may perhaps be reproached with too great hopefulness or emotionality, but hardly with disloyalty; perhaps they suffer from too great loyalty. In any case, the question that the liberal element needs to answer in order to clarify the situation, is how they conceive the church. To what extent is it a doctrinal institution? To what extent a social-moral institution? Or if the answer is that it exists for spiritual purposes, surely there is demanded some idea of what "spiritual" means, less vague than that current in liberal circles, and a more definite conception of the relation of organized institutions to spirituality.

If the nature and office of organized association for religious ends is one "fundamental" in the existing situation, another, equally important, is the method of ascertaining and testing truth. Those traditionalists and literalists who have arrogated to themselves the title of fundamentalists recognize of course no mean between their dogmas and blank, dark, hopeless uncertainty and unsettlement. Until they have been reborn into the life of intelligence, they will not be aware that there are a steadily increasing number of persons who find security in *methods* of inquiry, of observation, experiment, of forming and following working hypotheses. Such persons are not unsettled by the upsetting of any special belief, because they retain security of procedure. They can say, borrowing language from another context, though this method slay my most cherished belief, yet will I trust it. The growth of this sense, even if only half-consciously, is the cause of the increased indifference of large numbers of persons to organized religion. It is not that they are especially excited about this or that doctrine, but that the guardianship of truth seems to them to have passed over to the *method* of attaining and testing beliefs. In this latter fundamental they rest in intellectual and emotional peace.

Just where does the modernist group in the church stand as to this particular fundamental? What do they conceive to be the ultimate source and authority, the criterion, for belief? With the best will in the world to side with them as against literal traditionalists, one may find it hard to secure from them anything but a cloudy answer to this question. Looking at the present controversy from the outside, one may believe that it is thoroughly wholesome, humane and emancipating in effect, that it will make for tolerance and open-mindedness, greater sincerity and directness of experience and statement. And yet one may believe that it will not accomplish anything fundamental, until the liberal protesting elements have cleared up their minds on at least just these two points: What is the relation of a specially organized community and institution like the church, whatever be the church, to religious experience? What is the place of belief in religion and by what methods is true belief achieved and tested?

JOHN DEWEY.

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The Scandal in Oil

NEVER was the cynicism of official Washington more convincingly demonstrated than by the outburst of moral indignation which has followed recent revelations in the investigation of the naval oil reserve leases. For weeks Senator Walsh had been building a colossal record of evidence showing that the nation had been looted of vital resources of fabulous value, through the connivance of a Cabinet officer and two petroleum magnates. For weeks a handful of correspondents had kept the hearing company, undisturbed by any except casual visitors—disturbed only, in fact, by the knowledge that they would certainly not make the first page with that sort of testimony. Mr. Doheny's admission that he expected to make $100,000,000 out of his concession evoked a tepid interest which immediately subsided.

The administration saw that Senator Smoot had his foot firmly on the soft pedal, and continued its perspiring efforts to cram the Mellon plan down the throat of a squirming Congress. Editors, with few exceptions, stuck to the theory that the public was interested in Mr. Sinclair as the owner of Zev, but not as the lessee of Teapot Dome. The press associations maintained their tradition of respect for great wealth. The inquiry was almost unanimously voted a bore.

Suddenly Mr. Fall was caught lying. Suddenly the family talent for spectacular-honesty-at-the-right-moment awoke in Archie Roosevelt. Suddenly Mr. Doheny decided he had better tell that Fall's $100,000 came from him, and after hesitating a second, the absent Mr. Sinclair's lawyers agreed to reveal Fall as the recipient of $25,000 worth of missing Liberty bonds.

At once four-column headlines leaped to the first page of the haughty New York Times. At once a horrified administration unloosed its thunder, and began shouting wildly for criminal prosecutions and suits to cancel the leases. At once the inquiry was transferred from the cozy committee room to a spacious caucus hall, and the air became redolent of costly perfumes. Larger press tables were hastily dragged in, and Senators, after introducing themselves to the chairman as members of the committee, took their seats at the table for the first time, wearing an air of stern resolve. Senator Smoot left off scoffing, and Senator Lenroot went into action with a ferocity which made Senator Walsh's tactics seem mild by comparison.

The leases which the administration now burns to annul, are the same leases against which La Follette cried in the wilderness twenty months ago. They are the same leases which Smoot and Lenroot have been daily defending against Walsh's attacks since early November. The terms under which the navy's petroleum patrimony was callously handed over to Sinclair, Doheny and the Standard Oil Company of California have undergone no recent change. The danger of irreparable loss to the country is no greater—it is, in fact, far smaller—than it was a year ago. But scandal had entered, and with it, fear of the political consequences. That is the reason for all this sudden pother, and the only reason.

The eventual disposition of the naval reserves was made possible through their transference from the supervision of the Navy Department to that of the Department of the Interior. Secretary Fall actively urged this transfer, Secretary Denby and Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt acquiesced in it, and it was carried out by executive order a few months after the Harding administration took office, upon the stated ground that the Interior Department possessed more adequate supervisory facilities. Naval officers who objected were sent to sea.

Virtually all the testimony given at the hearings has related to Reserves Nos. One and Three, better known, respectively, as Elk Hills and Teapot Dome. For purposes of popular instruction, it is unfortunate that Teapot Dome is the more alluring and imaginative of these two names. The cold facts show that the tempest about Teapot Dome is a teapot tempest indeed, compared with that which might be expected to follow disclosure of the facts about Elk Hills. The amount of oil known to be in Teapot Dome is estimated at approximately 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 barrels. The amount known to be in Elk Hills is estimated at approximately 250,000,000 barrels. Harry F. Sinclair testified that he expected to "get his money back" out of Teapot Dome. E. L. Doheny testified that he expected to make a profit of $100,000,000 out of Elk Hills.

In several striking particulars, however, the facts of the transactions are similar. In each case the reason given for leasing was that it was made necessary by the drainage of the reserves through commercial wells outside the reserves. In each case this excuse is disputed by competent geologists. In each case the danger, if it existed, resulted from Secretary Fall's own conduct, and in each case Fall, the man who granted the lease, borrowed money from the man to whom he granted it. In neither case has one cent of this money been repaid.

Teapot Dome was secretly leased to the Mammoth Oil Company, a Sinclair corporation organized for the specific purpose of obtaining and operating the reserve, in April, 1922. The facts became known a few weeks later in response to demands made on the floor of the Senate by Senators Kendrick and La Follette, who had learned indirectly

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of the transaction. There had been no competitive bidding for the lease; the contract had been signed following private conversations between Secretary Fall and Sinclair. It provided that the entire reserve could be drilled, in return for which the government would receive royalties, in oil, on a graduated scale.

Operations were imperative, Secretary Fall said, because private wells in the adjoining Salt Creek field were threatening the reserve with drainage. It developed during the hearings that those wells were in public lands which Secretary Fall himself had previously leased, and from which the government was receiving royalties averaging more than twenty-five percent of production. In view of the fact that government royalties from the reserve proper have, under the Sinclair contract, averaged less than seventeen percent, Senator Walsh of Montana was moved to remark that it would have been a public blessing if the outside wells had succeeded in draining the entire reserve before Secretary Fall took the measures he did take to "protect" it.

Eminent geologists, however, including the head of the government Geological Survey and the chief of the oil and gas section of the Geological Survey, told the committee that it was doubtful whether there was any danger of drainage and that its reality could have been determined by simple measures, without opening the entire field to exploitation.

The committee had employed two geologists, Messrs. Lewis and Clapp, to make an investigation of the situation and report. Before being engaged, they were required to state that they had no opinions for or against what had been done, and were committed to no particular stand; which condition they met. Their reports conflicted. Lewis said the leasing had been warranted, Clapp said it had not. Subsequently Senator Walsh produced letters written by Lewis several months before his employment, in which he emphatically condemned the policy of conserving the oil in the ground, and also expressed a sense of obligation to Secretary Fall.

There has been testimony to the effect that Secretary Fall, after having been in financial difficulties, as attested by his taxes being eight years in arrears, just prior to the leasing of Teapot Dome manifested a sudden and unexpected affluence, paying his taxes, making costly improvements on his ranch in New Mexico, and buying an adjoining ranch for $91,500.

Replying to these decidedly bald intimations, the former Cabinet minister gave what seemed to be adequate explanations of the circumstances. However, in describing the purchase of the ranch, which involved the payment of $10,000 in cash out of a tin box with which he appeared at El Paso in December, 1921, he told the committee that the money was part of a $100,000 cash loan which he had obtained in Washington from his friend the publisher and utility magnate, Edward B. McLean. After Fall made this statement, Mr. McLean was discovered to be in Palm Beach, Florida, too ill to respond to a subpoena. Whereupon Senator Walsh, to the general surprise, went to Palm Beach and cross-examined the delicate publisher.

Mr. McLean, under oath, spoke to the point. He said the memory of his friend Fall was defective, that he had loaned him no cash, but had made the loan of $100,000 in checks, all of which had been subsequently returned, uncashed. Mr. Fall, also at Palm Beach and also in fragile health, sent Senator Walsh a note humbly corroborating Mr. McLean's testimony.

In this case the outside wells alleged to be exercising drainage were those of the Standard Oil Company of California, which was operating opposite the boundary of the reserve for a distance of two miles. As the perimeter of the reserve is about sixty miles, the seriousness of the threat may be duly measured. The accepted mode of defence in case of drainage is to sink "offset" wells just inside the boundary of the area to be protected, directly opposite the wells exercising the drainage. Competitive bids were asked on a contract for defensive drilling, and as a result of the competition, the Pan American Company, Mr. Doheny's corporation, was awarded the contract in June, 1921, three months after Secretary Fall took office. In April of the following year, the Pan American won another contract for further drilling.

The interesting and unusual fact about this award was, as Mr. Doheny subsequently testified, that he submitted an alternate bid, which, if accepted, would give him a preferential right to half the reserve. To be sure, this bid was not in conformity with the specifications given him and the other bidders. The possibility that the entire reserve might be leased had not been officially suggested.

Nevertheless, it was the alternative bid which was accepted. In the following December Doheny exercised his preferential right to lease half the reserve, whereupon Secretary Fall generously leased him the entire reserve, of 32,000 acres. It seems that another and more serious threat of drainage had appeared, necessitating drastic actions.

Again the Standard Oil of California was the offender, and this time its operations were in Section 36, *almost precisely in the centre of the reserve itself*. How it came there is the classic episode of the whole story.

In 1914 local agents of the government land office apprised Washington that Standard had laid claim to this section by virtue of a grant from the State of California. They advised that the claim was untenable, and advised ouster proceed-

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ings. The Commissioner of the General Land Office at once directed that adverse proceedings be started.

Here ensues a blank and mysterious period of silence and inaction covering seven years. Standard was not molested. About the time the Fall-Doheny negotiations were going on, the Standard brought in a series of phenomenally rich wells in Section 36. In 1921, an official of the San Francisco Land Office discovered the lost papers in the adverse proceedings started in 1914. They had been "inadvertently placed in the wrong file," and, still more wonderful, the official who sent them, had simultaneously and marvelously forgotten their existence.

They were now revived. The customary procedure in such cases is for the local Land Office to hold hearings, and transmit the report to the General Land Commissioner for a decision. An appeal from the decision can be taken to the Secretary of the Interior. But in this instance, an irresistible Mr. Oscar Sutro, attorney for the Standard, came to Washington, and prevailed upon the Secretary to conduct the hearing in person. It consisted of an oral argument by Mr. Sutro, afterward supplemented with a written brief, and Secretary Fall immediately rendered a decision upholding and permanently validating Standard's claim to the section. Although attorneys were present to represent the government, they made no argument. And that was that.

Contemplating his handiwork, and perceiving, with dismay, that the reserve was now menaced from within as well as from without, Secretary Fall hastened to save it by leasing it to Mr. Doheny.

As regards the further consequences, let Mr. Doheny, being under oath, speak for himself:

Among the many striking aspects of Secretary Fall's glorious career as a purveyor of naval oil reserves, there remains to be recited this engaging one: Under the Sinclair and Doheny contracts, those operators are authorized to construct storage facilities for the royalty oil which they deliver, and they are paid for this construction out of the royalty oil itself. As storage for a barrel of oil costs approximately two barrels, it will be seen that the government actually gets about one-third of its royalty oil, or six percent of the total output. In other words, as Senator Walsh speedily computed, if there are 25,000,000 barrels of oil in Teapot Dome, and the royalty rate averages twenty percent (which it has not yet done), the government will actually receive, in storage, 1,666,666 barrels of oil.

Mr. Doheny took occasion to emphasize the unquestioned fact that he is a public-spirited man and a patriotic citizen, without partisan bias. In proof of the latter statement can be cited his testimony that in 1920, although he was that year a delegate to the Democratic national convention, and even a candidate for the vice-presidential nomination, he contributed $25,000 to the Republican campaign fund, which undoubtedly was a material help in the election of the administration from which he shortly afterward received the contract from which he expected to make $100,000,000. A shining example of the rewards of tolerance and generosity.

If the naval oil reserves are restored to the public domain which now seems possible (although future events in that connection will bear close watching), credit for their restoration will belong to Senator Thomas J. Walsh, a hard-boiled lawyer from the Montana copper country, who, in the face of killing apathy and less passive hindrances, has made one of the most brilliant, resourceful and persistent fights ever carried out against the private plundering of the public wealth. Nor should the part played by Senator La Follette, in forcing the investigation upon the Senate, be overlooked.

But, lest indifference and confidence again undo us, let it not be forgotten that but for the incredibly blundering efforts of Mr. Fall to cover up his tracks, they almost certainly would have gotten away with it.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON.

Profession of Faith

I lack the braver mind
That dares to find
The lover friend, and kind.

I fear him to the bone:
I lie alone
By the beloved one.

And, breathless for suspense,
Erect defense
Against love's violence.

Whose silences portend
A bloody end
For lover never friend.

So, folded close and near
To the most dear,
I die of cold and fear.

But, in default of faith
In futile breath,
I dream no ill of death.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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Poincaré's Race against Time

THE popular and authorized explanation of the French government's policy on reparations is scarcely credited any more among well informed people in France. Doubtless politicians and big business men are economically naïve, but they are scarcely so naïve in France as to believe—in private—that Germany could pay enough to cover the huge sums expended for reconstruction and pensions, plus all the other items of the "extraordinary" budgets, including the expense of the military establishments involved in the Rhineland and Ruhr occupations, while European economic life is disrupted and Germany's chief industrial regions are rendered unproductive by the very measures France has taken. France is not without its share of economists.

French policy is after material advantages, to be sure, but these advantages are not expected to take the form chiefly of reparation payments in the ordinary sense, whether of gold or of materials. It is the productive power behind the materials toward which the French industrialists are turning their eyes. They do not need to be told, as they are so often by liberal critics, that Europe is an economic unit. They do not need to be told —they least of all—that the coal and iron deposits, the blast furnaces and steel mills of Lorraine, of the Ruhr, and of the other centres of heavy industry about the Rhine, cannot operate to the best advantage if cut off from each other, whether by military barriers or by competitive ownership. The logic of the situation leads to a great European coal and steel combination, powerful enough in resources and equipment to compete for world markets with the British on the one hand and the Americans on the other. And the French are traditionally logical.

But if such a combination is dreamed of, the pressing question is, who is to have the lion's share of control? If the German industrialists can be forced to hand over to the powers represented by the Comité des Forges a majority interest in the merger, if they will consent to be junior partners, French industry will have a reward far surpassing any possible number of tons of reparations deliveries, France will be economically and politically the master of Europe—so it is believed—peace will have arrived, and the French internal debt may be redeemed at leisure. This is realpolitik with a vengeance, though Poincaré, whom even his opponents think an honest man, doubtless employs it, if he does so, as the one best way to recoup the losses of the war. He might easily regard use of the Treaty of Versailles in order to gain this unannounced goal much as any shrewd lawyer would regard the use of an advantageous contract, if its terms could not be literally fulfilled, to gain unspecified concessions for his client. It would be easy for him to identify the interests of Schneider and Creussot almost unconsciously with the interests of the French people.

If we accept this seductive hypothesis the occupation of the Ruhr and the enforced collapse of the German economic structure assumes the aspect of a revolutionary strike. No immediate or direct advantage is to be expected from the occupation. It is not an end in itself, but a means of breaking the will of the opponents. The French can for an indefinite period of time prevent the German industrialists from enjoying the full use of their properties. Meanwhile the German resistance approaches its end. The final demonetization of the mark will prevent Stinnes and Thyssen from piling up further inflationary profits. Eventually they may be forced to capitulate and let the French industrialists into the combination on the ground floor. With a single, logical eye, the leaders of the Bloc National regard them, and not the Reichstag, as the source of economic gain in Germany.

Like any strike, however, this is not without its dangers and hardships. Like any strike, it is a race against time. Which side can hold out the longer against the ravages of financial instability? That French economic life is suffering progressive deterioration has not escaped Poincaré and his supporters, no matter how bold a face they put on in public. This is the reason for the sudden proposal for a large increase in taxation and a drastic reduction of internal expenditure. The measure is calculated to ward off too rapid an approach of collapse.

The French policy towards Germany, whatever its motive, will scarcely be modified by external diplomatic pressure, or by any internal change of political sentiment based on foreign policy. It is too easy to justify the "strong" line by appeals to the desire for national security and reimbursement for war losses. But French policy must be modified in the end, if German captains of industry hold out long enough, by the natural economic results of the fiscal measures it entails. These measures can, it is true, be defended with a show of candor by their apologists. The "ordinary" budget is balanced. For the other expenditures loans, made by the French people out of their savings, are adequate. Since 1920 there has been no net inflation of the currency, which on January 17, 1924, stood at 38,678 million francs as against 39,645 million at the peak in November, 1920. Advances to the government from the Bank of France have fallen from 26,600 million francs in 1920 to 23,200 million on December 6, 1923. Gold holdings of the

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bank have increased slightly. In so far as Germany pays, the internal debt will be retired. The rest can be liquidated through increased production and prosperity which will follow a settlement. What is there to worry about? The recent spectacular fall of the franc on the exchange markets is due partly to an unwarranted loss of confidence on the part of British and American investors, partly to speculation and partly to concerted pressure for political purposes. It will cease with the reëstablishment of confidence, which cannot be far away. So runs the official apologetic.

But close examination does not sustain this thesis. It is true, but meaningless, that the "ordinary" budget is balanced. The "ordinary" budget has been balanced nearly every year since the armistice, for the simple reason that no expenditures are classified as "ordinary" except those which it is known in advance can be met out of taxation. From 1919 to the close of 1922—last year's figures are not yet accurately available—no more than half the total expenditures of any one year were met out of taxation, and 113,000,000,000 francs of deficit had to be financed out of internal loans. If any great increase in the number of francs received for taxes occurred in 1923, it was due to inflation rather than to any larger proportion of the nation's real income being paid in taxation. It is true that there is no more inflation of the currency now than in 1920, but it is also true that this fact arises not from any recent cessation in government borrowings but from the general industrial depression of 1921. This reduced the circulation and the temporary necessity of advances to the government, but since March, 1922, such advances have overbalanced repayments to the bank to the extent of 2,000,000,000 francs. The state had in 1920 promised to repay two billions yearly, but has been unable to keep to its bargain since 1921. Currency inflation is therefore proceeding as before 1920.

Official commentators also overlook the threefold menace of the rapidly increasing internal debt. In the first place, it is a direct cause of inflation, since the bonds, deposited with banks, create credit reserves and increase the circulating purchasing power almost as rapidly as if they were banknotes. Some idea of the inflation of credit may be gained from the deposit figures of the great banks and fourteen prominent local ones, which have grown from 4,941,000,000 francs in 1913 to 20,755,000,000 in 1923, or over four-fold. In the second place, the internal debt, now approximating 300,000,000,000 francs, bears upon the Treasury with an interest charge of about 18,000,000,000, which is nearly three-quarters of the total tax receipts. If borrowing at anything like the present rate continues much longer the service of the debt will absorb all the tax receipts. This eventuality is capable of postponement only by further inflation of the currency or higher taxation. And, in the third place, the loans, though offered at higher and higher rates, are being absorbed with greater and greater difficulty. Before long the point is bound to come when the state can no longer market its obligations and must resort to direct inflation of the currency to meet its entire deficit.

As long, therefore, as Germany does not pay, and the real expenses of the state remain high, there is almost a certainty of the disease of progressive inflation. It is extremely doubtful whether even now enough can be raised through taxation to stay its course. Even if high enough taxes are theoretically possible, the French people will hardly consent to pay such a large proportion of the national income to the rentiers for any great length of time. Either the rate of interest must be materially lowered in refunding or the real value of the bonds reduced through inflation, or both. Poincaré's financial reform is a bold stroke to renew confidence, but the chances are strong that in the end it will result only in a breathing spell and in a new plunge downward for the franc. And inflation, of course, is a concealed form of taxation bearing most heavily on the wage-earners, the white-collar classes, and those of fixed incomes. Already, in December, the state employees were demonstrating for increases in salary to meet the high cost of living—now rapidly approaching four times the 1913 level—there was discontent with the pay of army officers and it was pointed out bitterly in the press that the pension of even totally incapacitated war cripples was only a little more than nine francs a day—with bread at 1 1/5 francs per kilo!

In the long run the same result is inevitable, whether the course of high taxes is followed, or that of inflation. The heavy expenses incident to French foreign policy must be reduced and the international strike called off. The present French government knows this; but probably it has miscalculated the length of time which will be allowed it. Eventually, whether the left or the right is in power, some composition with Germany is certain, and the day of reckoning is probably sooner than most people expect. The Germans cannot force their industrialists to compromise, but the French, victorious and believing that they are masters of their own destiny, will not needlessly endure the long strain of inflation and economic disorder.

GEORGE SOULE.

Lodged

The rain to the wind said
"You push and I'll pelt!"
They so struck the garden bed
That the flowers actually knelt—
And lay lodged—though not dead.
I know how the flowers felt.

ROBERT FROST.

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Buenos Aires

IN the morning we went into what they call the Pasaje Guemes in Buenos Aires. It is an arcade of bright shops. It leads from the crowded business street of San Martin to the crowded shopping street of the Florida. Its arms are made by little stores that sell tooled leather bags and silk shirts and glittering pendants and French novels. Its arched spine sustains fifteen stories of banks and offices, among them the office of the commercial attaché of the embassy of the United States and the office of the trade commissioner of the Commerce Department of the United States. Just here at the right in the Pasaje are the lurid posters of a cinema and to the left the entrance to a large—and at noon-time tightly crowded—restaurant.

What can in a sentence symbolize "B.A.?" Perhaps nothing more quickly and singly than this spot: vigor; vitality; virility. The press of business life and the attainment of material success; the love of pleasure and time for its indulgence. For though at noon this restaurant in the Pasaje Guemes is called the Rotisserie Française, a place of lunching for the average business man, at night it suffers a champagne change. It bubbles into newly imported French ladies with eyelids heavy with blue pencil or with straw-colored hair drawn tight above little ears and long shawls of Chinese vermillion. At night it is called the Abdullah Club.

It is the Abdullah Club until the last dancer has gone and at four in the morning the tired waiters rouse the man who hours ago laid his head upon the table and has been sitting that way ever since.

"Huh," remarked the Oil Engineer sitting beside me, as he observed this spectacle, "that's a North American. The Argentinos don't get drunk; and they form their impressions of us from fellows like him. And from the movies."

I looked reprovingly after my fellow-American now being borne or dragged from the room.

"You are right, but don't be too severe with him," said the Government Servant who had lived there and loved his "B.A." "He'll come through, —in time. We send our boys down here—unmarried boys with no girls of their own kind to play with, under the mistaken idea that for even a Norte Americano business is enough to occupy his mind. He'll hang on for a while just trying to make good with the Chief back home and with the one idea of getting back to the States. He'll be dreadfully hurt that the Argentino doesn't ask him home to dinner with the Wife and Sister (as he would of course if it were Cincinnati or El Paso) until he comes to realize that their ways and our ways are different even if equally good. He'll drink too much at first—and perhaps end himself finally that way. And then he will have a lot to say about British propaganda and he will sit in a 'confiteria' of an evening and explain to you that the Argentine is a British dependency.

"I admit he will have some basis for his assertions. He can be historical about it. He will point to the fact that they came here a long time ago trying to get the Argentine away from Spain. They burned their political fingers and (some folk think) they taught the Argentine the idea of independence. But they put their economic finger into the Argentine years ago and they have never withdrawn it. For instance, they have about £300,000,000 invested in Argentine railroads and control over sixty-five percent of their mileage. However, statistics are dull. The real hold of the British lies in their capacity for merchant adventuring in foreign parts. We Americans haven't grown that temperament—yet. That's why, in numbers of the biggest American firms that carry on in South America,—and most of our best known firms do, in some fashion,—you find Britishers in the top positions."

I had seen the shipping in the harbor, flying the flags of every country in the world and loading itself up by means of electric cranes that ran along upon tracks, the ships set end-to-end in an endless stretch and the cranes as delicately adjustable to their task as a pair of dividers. I had that very day seen the recently developed factories and the clean new subway and three huge railway stations and the buildings of the University of Buenos Aires and the offices of the Department of Education (where posters admonished you never to violate the compulsory education law). And I had seen schools where the children were dressed in white surgical robes and were going about their tasks in schoolrooms opening into flower-hung patios. And many other things I had seen. And I echoed the words of the Oil Engineer.

One can very soon get by the point where it is possible to look upon Buenos Aires as a sort of western miners' camp dressed up to look like Paris.

And then I was invited home to a "business lunch," with the family of a distinguished Argentine lawyer. There was perfected civilization in every appointment. It might have been a drawing-room or a dining-room in one of the best houses in New York or Washington.

But not in Washington, certainly, nor in New York, would we have had as our usual lunchers together, our eldest daughter with her husband, our third son with his wife, the husband of another daughter and two or three unmarried sons and fiancés of other daughters,—as if for good meas-

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ure. The last and youngest son was just back from Oxford and discussed the lack of program in Argentine politics with avidity.

We went back downtown at the regular business hour of two, through avenues lined with splendid residences and set with trees and shrubs and sculpture often lovely. And while we had been thus lunching patriarchically en famille, in the traditional manner of the Argentine aristocracy, others had been lunching at one of the many clubs, perhaps in the Jockey Club, said by those who know to be the most magnificent club in the world, that club which adds to the impressiveness of marble stairs and crystal chandeliers and Roman baths and more than Roman gambling Sala, more delicate beauties of wrought bronze finishings and tiny spots of hand-carved wood and original paintings by Sir Joshua and Raeburn and Goya and Sorollo and a dozen other masters.

It is the club of a small economic aristocracy. And yet for all the smallness of that group, in spite of the almost invisible smallness of a middle class in the Argentine, for all its continentalisms, its arched doorways leading through alluring shadowy passageways into golden-green patios, its curved awnings and its even sky-line, its sittings down to luncheon patriarchally in the Spanish way, for all its Opéra and its love of tangible beauty in architecture and in dress and its determined sending of its offspring to Paris and its equally determined importing of things French, in spite of its hundreds of thousands of Italians who have now in the second generation got into everything Argentine from grape-growing to commerce, Buenos Aires has taken on the "feel" of Chicago.

To that first early picture of a tangle of shipping, of a line of elevators, of a press of vehicles, you add a sense of a certain urge of energy which is a prophecy of the future rather than a picture of the past. You look off across the River Plate toward Uruguay to no shore line as you might look off to no shore-line across Lake Michigan. You ride in a street car past great railroad stations filled with electrical locomotives and with steam locomotives and with trains and with engines under steam and with lines of freight-cars; and you cross a little river that might be the Chicago River as it was three decades ago. Nature did little for "B.A." in the way of beauty, as she did little for Chicago. The citizens have done everything.

And behind these scenes you feel the same forces you feel behind similar scenes with us: Wheat, cattle, the everlasting bounty of the soil, tremendous plains on which grain is growing and from which it has begun to go at the rate (in 1920) of more than 12,000,000 tons: nearly 6,000,000 tons of it wheat; uplands from which 138,810 tons of wool went abroad in 1921, more than 28,000 of them to us; plains that will send out this year, they say, more than half a million tons of linseed and where other millions of tons of maize and oats and barley and hay and mutton and pork and beef, of horse-hides and sheepskins and ox-hides and goatskins get raised and treated and collected and shipped along the Argentine's fast-mounting thousands of miles of railroads.

And beyond those plains (as beyond Illinois and Iowa lies California) is the province of Mendoza, with its vineyards whence grapes of purple and yellow and white come down to be made into Trapiche and Tirasso and other kinds of wine that need no French label (though they sometimes get it) or to be eaten dipped in ice-water in the Argentine manner; Mendoza whence peaches palest golden and nearly as large as melons and melons shaped like foot-balls and nearly as large and pears and apples and apricots and quinces by the million get rolled out into pastes and turned out into compotes for the delicate diners of "B.A."

Plains and the tall Andes; grains and cattle and fruits; push from the westward back upon Buenos Aires to change it from just a town of Latin charm to a town of metropolitan might,—still with unabated charm.

Not much longer can we afford to look upon these people as mere protegés of the Monroe Doctrine or as incidental customers for our surplus products. They are on their way to being in economics the South American duplicates of ourselves, while retaining still the Latin manners and methods which supremely test our adaptability to the task of being their closest commercial and diplomatic associate.

ANNE HARD.

This Delicate Love

This delicate love of mine is nothing rare—
  Its fragile, angular graces
All simple, delicate grasses share
  That live in crowds in common places.

All homely fields are full of what I give!
  The frailest fibers of my longing,
Silken and fine and sensitive,
  Through the broad clods go thronging.

Compared to love like mine the durable rose
  Of a vivid love should last like leather,
The lily-bud's coarse crock enclose
  A cream kept sweet in any weather.

Unsafe for stores, too flimsy for a flame,
  This love yet thirsts and thrives, and passes—
This usual love—exquisitely the same
  As one straight stem amid a blur of grasses.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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Making the G. O. P. Safe for Borah

AT a moment when the progress of the Coolidge boom has become almost monotonous attention is generally directed at the forthcoming duel between the Hon. William E. Borah and the Hon. Charles E. Hughes. To avoid misunderstanding I hasten to add that the "E" stands for something different in both instances.

The collision, of course, grows out of the question of the recognition of Russia, although it has its natural origin in a profound divergence of type. Mr. Borah has a passion for humanity. Mr. Hughes has a passion for principle. If Mr. Borah had happened around instead of the Good Samaritan, the thing would have still have happened according to parable. If Mr. Hughes had come along, he certainly would have questioned the victim before notifying the authorities.

To employ a homely figure. If Senator Borah saw six men beating up a seventh, he wouldn't wait to see whether they were policemen before he intervened and he wouldn't stop fighting when he found out they were. Mr. Hughes on the contrary would never interfere until he was sure the six were not policemen. Please do not suspect I mean any reflection upon the courage of the Secretary of State for I don't. What I mean is that he would assume that the police must be right, because they were in uniform while Senator Borah would assume they were wrong because they were six-to-one.

Always when Mr. Borah gets into a conflict you can make up your mind that he is stirred by the fact that he feels there is an underdog. He can't bear the idea of anyone's undergoing suffering. Mr. Hughes on the contrary can't abide the idea of any one's being in error. Thus he would oppose alleviating pain as long as anyone persisted in so mistaken a view as that two and two made six, or three times three fifteen. He would feel that the pain was divinely imposed to bring about repentance. Once the cure was complete, to be sure, he would be the first to advocate removal of the strain.

However, while the present clash actually comes over Russia, the fact is that no one in Washington really cares much about Russia. There isn't even a thrill in it. When ghosts excite laughter and not terror, it is time to have done with them. Actually the pending dispute interests Washington, not as it concerns making Russia safe for democracy, but as it affects keeping Mr. Borah sure for the Republican party. Some one has said his is the only certain vote for Coolidge west of the Missouri River. I am sure that is an exaggeration, but at the least, his is the single clear voice.

Now Secretary Hughes has one amazing faculty. If he were smoking beside an open window and threw his cigar out, the chances are three to one it would hit a Republican senator, two to one it would be a chairman of an important committee and even money it would be either Borah or Brandegee. The man has a positive gift that way and if anyone thinks his California jaunt in 1916 was an isolated accident, he simply doesn't know what he is talking about. Mr. Hughes, politically speaking, goes to California every day of his life.

I mentioned Senator Brandegee's name a moment ago. When Mr. Hughes came to Washington to be secretary of state, he advised President Harding that the only possible way to make peace with Germany was to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. That was the cigar that hit Frank Brandegee. It didn't hit him in a covered portion, but squarely in the eye. Fortunately his sight was not impaired, nor, one must add, was his memory—and the Treaty of Versailles was not ratified.

As between Borah and Brandegee there is an odd fact. They are both of them tolerably big men. If they should together cross from one side of the Senate to the other I think you would see the side they had just left visibly tilt up. Nature intended them to be opponents. They represent extremes, they are glorious fighters and they ought to have come together in one magnificent head-on collision. Instead of which they found themselves in the Republican party.

Moreover—and it is a rather engaging detail, you never accurately appreciate how big either of them is until you hear him speak of the other. When Borah is nominated for President in 1928, Frank Brandegee will see to it that he gets more votes from Connecticut than Connecticut's most conspicuous senator ever got. And the last time Brandegee ran for the Senate Borah crossed the continent to speak for him.

In the present situation I venture to guess that Senator Brandegee is more interested in Borah than in Russia. Abraham Gruber used to say in New York, "Never oppose popular legislation, give the people what they want and make it unconstitutional." I fancy the New London statesman would say—"Never quarrel with people you need over trivial matters." That is why I just suspect that the Senate, instead of endorsing the Hughes policy, made Borah chairman of a committee to investigate the subject. You must see that the whole art of politics is right here. Borah with a brief for humanity is dangerous, Borah with an investigation on his hands is busy, if you make the opposition responsible, why then there just naturally can't be any opposition.

Just one more word. Today the Republican majority in the Senate is a figure of speech. And

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the language is just a shade violent. Right here is Mr. Hughes's present value to Mr. Coolidge. He is the one subject on which all Republican senators can agree. La Follette and Watson, Borah and Brandegee, Shipstead and Moses and Hiram Johnson unaccompanied. On the matter of Mr. Hughes they are ready to go to caucus at any moment. The verdict will be rendered viva voce.

That is why, too, if Mr. Coolidge is elected in November we shall probably have a new secretary of state, for all things considered the President prefers peace to the present restricted harmony. Meanwhile, as to Russia, thanks to Brandegee it has become a legislative matter, our foreign policy is back in the Senate where it belongs. Some day we shall recognize Russia, meanwhile the Senate has recognized Borah, which politically speaking listens like good sense.

FRANK SIMONDS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Help for Europe's Students

SIR: At this time when all liberals are deeply concerned by the almost bottomless situation in Europe which threatens to extinguish education and culture, and when increased international coöperation is so rightly considered indispensable, I believe your readers would be interested to know a few outstanding facts regarding the positive steps which the students of the world have taken to meet the poverty in Europe and to put international good will into action.

During the past three years, the students of thirty-six countries of the world have contributed and distributed through the European Student Relief (known in this country as the Student Friendship Fund), over $1,500,000. One hundred and five thousand students in two hundred institutions scattered through seventeen different European countries have been aided. The number of meals served thus far is nearly 23,000,000. In addition, nearly a half million articles of clothing have been distributed, over 70,000 books, and large quantities of fuel. Two weeks before Christmas, a shipment of two hundred and sixty tons of food stuffs was sent from New York to Germany as a Thanksgiving-Christmas gift from American students to their less fortunate comrades.

Pauperizing charity, or anything which would have a tendency in that direction, has been strictly avoided in every phase of the work. Inasmuch as a large portion of the funds came from students who were themselves working their way, the European Student Relief insisted from the first that only those students should be helped who were striving to help themselves. The insistence that students should work has, in the admission of many leading Europeans, been one of the great factors in effecting the "student revolution" in Europe. Whereas it was formerly considered beneath caste for an intellectual to engage in manual labor, the situation today is entirely different. The "work student," as he is called, has become a recognized factor. He is admired and respected.

The development of great national student self-help associations has been constantly promoted and assisted. The result is a series of student service enterprises which operate student kitchens, coöperative stores, shoe-repair shops, tailor shops, farms, printing and bookbinding establishments, translation bureaus, barber shops, laundries, hotels, and in some cases even factories of various types. All of these undertakings are student-administered under the supervision of expert professors and business men, and employ student labor.

Of perhaps the greatest interest and importance are the international results of this first world-wide student coöperative enterprise. Among Europe's future leaders the so-called "impossible" has occurred time and again as a result of the consciousness that here at last were students of every race, nationality, creed, and political affiliation actually working together. Greek and Turk, German and French, Czech, Hungarian, Rumanian, and many other student leaders have all come together in annual conference. After intense and sometimes almost violent disagreement, they have found it possible to coöperate on a basis of mutual assistance. Today these student economic leaders say that the European Student Relief affords them the only open forum, the only neutral ground in all Europe, where they can have free discussion and exchange of views. It is for them, they insist, the only light amid the darkness.

The students of America, through the Student Friendship Fund, are now doing their utmost to continue the necessary support for the European Student Relief. The American student budget this year calls for $251,000, but the alarmingly increased need has necessitated a second item of at least $182,000 to be raised from other sources.

The constructive results, both economic and international, are now largely dependent upon more adequate support from those who still pride themselves on being students, though no longer undergraduates.

RAYMOND T. RICH.

New York City.

The Woman Student in Germany

SIR: The economic plight of Germany hits the woman student hard. Before the war, the value of university training for women had become recognized; during the war, there were favorable openings for the woman graduate, not only because of the absence of men, but because she made good on her own account; but after the war, in spite of the fact that women are completely enfranchised and have been given by the Constitution equal rights with men in all respects, the economic struggle between the sexes is again serious because the position of women is threatened, including that of the woman student and graduate. It is becoming increasingly impossible for the academician to survive in a career of scientific work.

All the students' hostels are overcrowded; many have closed for lack of funds. The terrible shortage of coal makes working in unheated rooms a martyrdom. Warm food is unknown to most. The mensa academica, a self-help organization, is beyond the reach of the majority. Free meals are provided but these, though staving off the worst, are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. There are an enormous number of working students, but here again the woman student is handicapped by the overcrowded labor market. Kitchen and nursery work is left to her but is most disadvantageous owing to the excessive and irregular demands it makes on the student's time. When she has graduated, she enters upon a still more strenuous period; there is a queue for every post. In the medical profession, where women had won a certain place, it is impossible to purchase even the essential in instruments, not to mention a specialist's outfit. Consequently, we see women graduates of all kinds working in banks and offices as typists and secretaries. Many of them are fitted to do pioneer work, to enrich science, to open up new fields of knowledge. But our conditions give them no scope. They can only carry on with the utmost effort of will in the hope that the experience of the present may lead to a saner world in the future.

Those who wish to make any form of contribution to this group will please note the following directions: checks may be made out to the New York Equitable Trust Company zu Gunsten Mendelssohn & Co., Berlin; or to Speyer and Company, New York, zu Gunsten Mendelssohn, Berlin. Packages or boxes should be plainly marked Liebespacket and addressed to the Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine, Nollendorf Str. 29, Berlin W.30. Please send a memorandum by post to the undersigned.

DR. GERTRUD BÄUMER,

Berlin. DR. MARIE ELISABETH LÜDERS.

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The United States and International Coöperation

SIR: In every appeal that is made to the United States for international coöperation, it is our moral support, only, which is asked. Speaking as a member of many organizations formed to further such coöperation, I believe that the great majority of us are convinced that nothing has less weight outside our own country, than the moral sentiment of the United States, unsupported by force or favor.

Most of us believe that President Wilson was sincere in his demand for the Fourteen Points and would have carried them if European opinion and especially, English opinion, had supported him. We are sympathetic to French needs and fears, but we deplore the occupation of the Ruhr and we consider that our government gave official expression to this point of view when the American troops were withdrawn. We realize that something was conceded to the disarmament conference, but the omissions were serious and the moral effect, on our own Army and Navy Departments, at least, negligible. Therefore, when we were asked for our moral influence, and nothing more, many of us are inclined to think that those who ask hope that, once morally concerned with the peace of Europe, we shall bring up the necessary supports to our moral standards. To us, the need for these material supports is so evident and so righteous, that when the need for them is ignored, we feel as though we were being laughed at.

In these questions, it should always be considered that we are simple, practical and sentimental along large lines. Therefore, it is necessary to bring before us a proposal, large enough to meet the needs of the situation, benevolent enough to satisfy our hearts, yet simple enough for our understanding and sufficiently clear-cut to pierce the confusion in which we are struggling. If, for instance, a proposal to remit the war debts of Europe in exchange for general disarmament could be formally placed before our people, no government of ours could resist the pressure which would be put upon it to accept, politicians and bankers' conventions to the contrary notwithstanding.

Many of us hope that when Senator Borah proposes to take up the question of the French debt, he is moving in this direction. There is certainly no reason why money owing to us or to England should be used to increase the military establishments of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia or Rumania when we might spend it ourselves in buying the peace of Europe.

The attitude of our government to every angle of the situation could scarcely be more detestable. The War and the Navy Departments preach militarism wherever they dare and the State Department while doing nothing in Europe is arrogating to itself, in this hemisphere, the right to say what is confiscatory legislation in other sovereign states. What should we have said if foreign holders of brewery shares had protested the Prohibition Amendment?

MARGARET NORRIE.

Is It Chaos or Education?

SIR: In the article, Extending the Teacher's Tenure, in the issue of January 9, the writer seems to miss the true difficulty encountered in the rehabilitation of the teacher after years of domestic life.

The woman who goes back to teaching after her family no longer requires her time, will in nine cases out of ten, go from the servantless home, where she has done practically all the work—often, even, the washing and cleaning. She can hardly be released from such a household under fifteen years—certainly not for a longer time if there is more than one child. She may, it is true, if she has strength and alertness, "keep track of the larger movements in education;" she may, too, acquire (though this is doubtful) "the new tricks through short courses in trade rehabilitation." But whatever she may do to keep up her interest in her profession, those fifteen years will inevitably develop—except, possibly, in a rare individual, an insurmountable barrier to successful return: the mother will have formed a mental "habit pattern" through her reactions to domestic problems, entirely unlike that built up by constant contact with large units outside the home. In the household, especially where there are no servants, a more or less flexible routine prevails; things haven't got to be done *now*. The motivating power is love, family affection. The mental faculties of the mother as they function in matters concerning her brood, act upon an emotional background; by and large, her actions have their motivations in the realm of the feelings. She can count, too, upon the affections of her group in solutions of problems. Decisions can hang fire; there is time to wait for the carrying out of commands; for the penitence, or the better side of a young culprit. The group is small, background and heredity identical, aspirations similar; the individual is supremely important.

In the larger group of the school room, the mental faculties which are brought into activity on the part of the teacher, are predominantly intellectual—cold unpartisan judgment; the feelings ever subordinate to the justice which is for the good of the group. Decisions are immediate; there is little place for the weighing of any individual's long future. The background of heredity and environment differs in accordance with the number of families represented. Were the same "feeling-tone" (a psychological term) brought constantly to bear here, that prevails in the average healthy family, the result would be chaos.

The real obstacle, then, against the return of the housewife to her old profession of teaching is not mere "rusting." A "psychological trend" has been fixed in her mental processes which will determine all her decisions and activities. This trend is emotional rather than coldly intellectual, or judicial. It is a habit of mind which can function effectively only in the small group held together by ties of affection. It cannot be efficient in the large social unit.

ALICE WHOLEY.

[With much of what our correspondent says we are in perfect agreement. The mother who returns to teaching will undoubtedly have developed a mental habit pattern different from the one likely to prevail in a school whose personnel consists mainly of young, unmarried women subject to close administrative supervision. She would indeed be likely to give freer play to her feelings; *"to wait for the carrying out of commands, for penitence, or the better side of the young culprit."* She would no doubt be inclined to substitute, for the *"cold unpartisan judgment"* a *"weighing of the individual's long future."* If we differ at all from our correspondent—and we suspect that she is really on our side, since she puts the case for the mother teacher so well—it is in the assumption that chaos would result from the application of these qualities in the school. The most probable result would be education, something not indistinguishable from chaos in the eyes of those who regard "discipline" as the proper end of schooling.—THE EDITORS.]

The Progress Medal for Alfred Stieglitz

SIR: In view of the article by Sherwood Anderson which you published, on Alfred Stieglitz, your readers will be interested to know that the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain has awarded to Mr. Stieglitz its Progress Medal, the highest honor in its power to confer, "for his great services rendered to photography." The award is the more extraordinary in that the medal has been given heretofore for scientific achievement and the only other American holder, Colonel Ives, received it for his work in photo-chemistry. It is the culmination of a series of honors bestowed by the Royal Photographic Society upon Mr. Stieglitz, who is the only man to hold three of its medals awarded for his photographs, in 1895, 1896 and 1898; and upon whom the unique distinction of an Honorary Fellowship was conferred in 1905.

This triumph for America is attributable to the world leadership for forty years of Mr. Stieglitz in the movement to establish photography as an accepted medium of expression among the arts. In this endeavor he spent his enthusiasm and his money, without any remuneration, direct or indirect; organized innumerable exhibitions of American photography, in response to invitations from European art centres; and organized exhibitions which were shown in the National Arts Club and in the foremost art museums of America, such as the Corcoran Galleries of Washington, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Albright Museum of Buffalo and in Chicago. The movement of which he was the leader—finally crystallized as the Photo-Secession—stimulated photographic activity everywhere, bringing to light such young Americans as Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence H. White, Eduard J. Steichen, Joseph T. Keiley, Frank Eugene Smith, Annie W. Brigman, Alvin Langdon Coburn and many others.

ARTHUR H. BOUGHTON.

New York City.

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The Pirandello Play

The Living Mask, (Henry IV) by Luigi Pirandello, translated by Arthur Livingston. Forty-Fourth Street Theatre, January 21, 1924.

THE Pirandello play at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre is important not by reason of any display or novelty or foreign importation but through the mere occurrence on our stage of a real intellectual impact, a high and violent world of concepts and living. So far as the practical end of it goes Pirandello's Henry IV is difficult for our theatre. Its range and complexity of ideas are made more difficult by the presentation that it gets now and that it would be almost sure to get one way or another in any of our theatres.

The play is fortunate in its translation, certainly; Mr. Livingston's rendering is both alive and exact, and especially in the second act, where the thought is more involved, Mr. Livingston achieves an unusual quality of distinction. Mr. Robert Edmond Jones's two settings—save for the two portraits in the first scene, which obviously should be modern realistic in the midst of the antique apartment—are ahead of anything Pirandello would be apt to get in Italy, more precisely in the mood and more beautifully and austerely designed. Otherwise the trouble begins with the acting. Even bad Italian actors would, congenitally even if in no other way, be closer to this Italian play and its necessities than bad actors of our own might be. The actors in the opening moments at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre could not even cope with the necessary delivery of the words. They not only could not whack out the stresses needed for the mere sense of the lines, but had no instinct for taking the cues in such a manner as would keep the scene intact. All that first part of the scene Pirandello means to keep flowing as if it were taking place in one mind; and the actors should establish that unity, speed and continuity by taking fluidly their lines as if from one mouth. Miss Lascelles's portrayal of Donna Mathilde is not definite or elegant enough; it is muffled and it is not full enough of a kind of voluptuous incisiveness. Mr. Louden's Doctor is wrong, too flat and narrow; the part is rough and tumble—out of the old Commedia very nearly—and a satire on specious scientific optimism and incessant explanation. And Mr. Korff's troubles with the language make his lines, which are hard enough already, to grasp, confused and elusive.

Much of the meaning of Pirandello's Henry IV will depend of course on the actor who does the central character. Mr. Korff is a very good actor indeed in a certain style. He has a fine voice and a good mask in the manner of the Flemish or German schools of painting. But his portrayal of Henry IV lacks most of all distinction and bite. It is too full of sentiment and too short of mental agitation; it has too much nerves and heart and too little brains. The average audience must get the impression from Mr. Korff that we see a man whose life has been fantastically spoiled by the treachery of an enemy, that the fall from his horse began his disaster, which was completed by the infidelity and loose living of the woman he loved. But this weakens the whole drama; the root of the tragic idea was in the man's mind long before the accident; Pirandello makes that clear enough. The playing of this character, which is one of the great rôles in modern drama, needs first of all a dark cerebral distinction and gravity; the tragedy, the irony, the dramatic and philosophical theme, depend on that. Mr. Korff has theatrical power and intensity, but too much waggling of his head; he is too grotesque and undignified vocally; he has too little precision and style for the part; and not enough intellectual excitement and ideal poignancy. And the very last moment of the play he loses entirely by the rise that he uses in his voice and by the kind of crying tumult that he creates. Pirandello's idea cannot appear in such terms as Mr. Korff's. Pirandello is concerned first and last with a condition of life, an idea, embodied in a magnificent personage, not with personal ills and Gothic pities.

A man dressed as Henry IV of Canossa fame rides beside the woman he loves, who goes as Mathilde of Tuscany. His horse is pricked from the rear and lunges; the man when he comes out of his stupor believes himself to be the real Henry IV. For years the river of time flows past him; his beloved marries and has a daughter, she becomes the amante of his rival. He chooses, when his reason returns, to remain in the masquerade of the character that for an evening's pleasure he has put on. Life has cheated him, made a jest of him, he gets even with life by remaining permanent in the midst of everlasting change. All men play a part in life; he plays his knowingly. And the people who come out of life to him must mask themselves before they are admitted; he makes fools of them. The woman he has loved comes with his nephew and the doctor to see him, bringing also her amante—well played by Mr. Gamble—with her and her daughter, who is the image of what she herself was in her youth. They are the changing Life brought now against the fixed Form in which the supposed madman lives. Driven by the sense that years have passed and are recorded on these visitors from his past and that he has not lived, he tells his attendants of his sanity and his masquerade. They betray his secret. In the end he sees that in the young daughter alone can he recognize his renewal and return to life. There is a struggle when he tries to take her, and he kills the amante. Necessarily now, after this crime, he remains shut up in the mask under which he has masqueraded.

With this the Pirandello theme appears; the dualism between Life on one hand and Form on the other; on the one hand Life pouring in a stream, unknowable, obscure, unceasing; on the other hand forms, ideas, crystallizations, in which we try to embody and express this ceaseless stream of Life. Upon everything lies the burden of its form, which alone separates it from dust but which also interferes with the unceasing flood of Life in it. In Henry IV this man who has taken on a Form, a fixed mask in the midst of flooding, changing Life, remains in it until the moment when his passion and despair and violent impulse send him back into Life. But only for a moment: the impetuous violence of the Life in him expels him into his masquerade again: in the struggle between Life and Form, Life is defeated, Form remains.

Nothing in town is to compare to Pirandello's Henry IV—well or badly done—as worth seeing. If there is a tendency in many of his plays to think, talk, analyze, without embodying these processes in dramatic molds that carry and give them living substance—and I think that is one of Pirandello's dangers, his plays too often when all is said and done boil down too much to single ideas—this fault cannot be laid on his Henry IV. In this play Pirandello has discovered a story, a visual image, and a character that completely embody and reveal the underlying idea. This drama has a fantastic and high-spirited range in the spirit of the Italian comedy tradition; it has also a kind of Shakespearean complexity and variety; and in the second act, at least, something like a great poetry of intellectual beauty.

STARK YOUNG.

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Keynes on Monetary Reform

Monetary Reform, by John Maynard Keynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE problem of monetary reform holds a peculiar position in economics. With very few exceptions professional economists are agreed that a reasonably stable standard of value is essential to the health, if not to the very life, of the existing economic order—capitalism, or if one prefers, the system of free enterprise. The industrial machine will not work without an immense and increasing volume of capital. Capital, however, rests on saving, and saving implies a confidence in the stability of money. Yet the bankers and business men who are the most ardent partisans of the present economic order, are indifferent to all but the most striking fluctuations in the value of money. There can be no doubt that since 1914 more wealth has been unjustly taken away from one class and presented to another class in America than in Russia. Confiscation has been going on all around us; often we are ourselves victims of the process. Yet we make very little complaint. Indeed, the practical man is inclined to reject as "radical" any account of the defects of our monetary system.

On this ground Keynes's Monetary Reform will be criticized by many as too radical. It sets forth the consequences of a fluctuating standard with the clarity that always characterizes the author's writings. In so far we have little that is new. All students of economics know that a depreciating standard robs the creditor and gives an unhealthy boom to business, while an appreciating standard robs the debtor and subjects business to an injurious depression. Where Mr. Keynes breaks new ground is in his proposals for practical reform.

For almost a century before the Great War the gold standard was fairly satisfactory. Such stability of value as gold exhibited was indeed due to more or less accidental circumstances. If the great expansion of business had not been attended by the discovery of new gold fields the world would have suffered more severely than it did in the eighties and nineties from an appreciating standard. We can have no assurance that in the future similar accidental circumstances will give us the minimum of stability required. But the way lies open to us to substitute a standard that is much better than the old gold standard at its best. Throughout Europe gold is demonetized. In America the impounding of gold by the Federal Reserve Board, which prevents the gold from exerting its natural effect on prices, amounts to demonetization so carefully disguised that it has escaped the attention of practically all Americans. We have a monetary standard whose value is politically controlled just as the European countries have. What Mr. Keynes proposes is that this control should be formally recognized and consciously directed toward stabilization of prices.

In England the Treasury and the Bank of England exert their control through the regulation of the issue of currency and the discount rate. On quantity theory principles, the value of money in the domestic exchanges can be kept fairly constant. Not so of the foreign exchanges. Here Mr. Keynes finds use for the gold stocks no longer needed as a reserve against currency. By the purchase and sale of gold the Treasury or the central bank could correct any transient unsettlement of the international balance.

If such a plan were universally followed, England and the United States would each have a currency fairly stable with respect to the value of domestic commodities. Any other country might, if it chose, adjust its currency values to its own exchanges, but Mr. Keynes believes that most of Europe would find its advantage in making its adjustments to the British system while most of America would make its adjustments to the system followed by the United States. The two great systems would develop in formal independence, but it might be hoped and expected that a rather close connection would be maintained in practice.

American advocates of stabilization, like the followers of Professor Fisher, may shrink from a plan which so definitely accepts political control of the standard of values. The "compensated dollar" of their program is as much above politics as the gold standard itself. The Keynes plan, however, has the advantage of superior intelligibility. All Europe, having become adjusted to a paper basis, recognizes that either inflation or deflation may be disastrous. It is not a long step to a fairly precise definition of the golden mean which would insure price stability. America is farther away from such an understanding. But if the Federal Reserve Board is holding gold out of circulation with the deliberate purpose of keeping the price level from soaring, as Mr. Keynes assumes, the time is pretty likely to come when a political issue will be made of this policy, and the American people will have to decide whether they wish to return to the absolute monarchy of gold.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

A Bad Mistake

Poems, by Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT is not very comforting to have to admit, as one must after reading these poems written between the ages of sixteen and twenty-eight, that if one did not know that they were hers one would hardly suspect, nor would one guess them to be the work of anyone who could turn out to be as extraordinarily gifted as she. Their publication adds interestingly to that small remainder of her unpublished writing whereby we who want to may know her better, but it cannot conceivably add to her reputation. Then why have published them at all, or, at any rate, so soon, not only after her death, but after the appearance of Bliss and the Garden Party, the short stories which our well-known and often misquoted posterity will judge her by? This is a question to which we shall return.

The Dove's Nest was a collection of stories most of which for some reason she had not printed, or had not finished. A number of them, since while alive she chose to keep them to herself so long as they did not satisfy her, she would probably have preferred not to have had revealed after her death. But we were glad to have them, partly because some of them were almost as good as her best, partly because all of them, and the quotations from her journal in Mr. J. M. Murry's introduction, shed so much light on the quality of her mind and the nature of her gifts. Since this volume lesser and lesser literary remains, stories obviously unfinished or not very good, scraps from her journal, have been appearing in The Adelphi, edited by her husband, Mr. Murry. Now come the poems, with salvage from her earliest years which we hesitate to think she would have wanted to see in print, ever, under any conditions.

This collection repeats, in one volume, the diminuendo

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which Mr. Murry has so unwisely achieved by beginning with the publication of her best unprinted stories, then her next best, then her unfinished stories, then the extracts from her journal. The first poem in the book is better than any of the others, and the others are more or less diminishingly unremarkable down to those written when she was sixteen—poems which are no better than hundreds written at that age by young ladies who later forget all about them and grow up to be merely wives, mothers and members of women's clubs. A year after the death of the writer of some of the finest short stories in the English language, what is the sense of exhuming this:

I said, "I shall go and tell Mummy.
I hope it is makin' you ill.
I hope you've a pain in your tummy,
And then she will give you a pill."

Now, if you or I had a charming daughter of sixteen, and she wrote "poetry" like that, would we, even as fondly deluded parents, ask her to go on writing poetry? To be sure, the above is an extreme sample, but none of her 1907 child verses rise very high above these:

Dew upon the lily lawn,
Dew upon the garden beds;
Daintily from all the leaves
Pop the little primrose heads.

As she grew older—a process which unhappily can only be followed by reading the book backwards—the verses (we cannot agree with Mr. Murry's title of "Poems") are of course better and better, but not often remarkable. The later ones share, with this lack of any quality to distinguish them from the emotional overflow of lots of sensitive young people, the more unfortunate one of showing up weaknesses in her which it was her real strength to have concealed or overcome in her best stories, and lead us for a rather melancholy walk through that side of the valley which lay under the shadow of her defects. Little tricks, little outpourings, little recurrences are scattered through them which make one say, Yes, I have seen a faint suggestion of this in such and such a story which I didn't like as well as the others, and make one wonder if she was really the genius one felt sure she was after reading The Garden Party. These verses are a magnifying glass through which one is forced to read, far more clearly than is comfortable, that pathetic maternal yearning, that exaggeratedly feminine sense of the poignancy of young things, small things, little things, tiny things, which leads ungifted women to the excessive use of "cute," "cunning" and "teentsie," and led Katherine Mansfield to use "little" or "tiny" in nearly every poem. A tendency which at worst was only a passing irritation in the stories, becomes, under the lens too generously handed us by Mr. Murry, a formidable blemish which is seen to lie at the root of whatever triviality or tenuousness at one time briefly puzzled and saddened us. It is unkind, perhaps, both to her memory and to our own memory of the best of her, not to close our eyes to what Mr. Murry offers us, but his invitation to read everything is too plain for a refusal, even on the grounds of common decency. We must look at this seamy side of a magic carpet, and if in the unfinished, tangled threads we see a lamentably, sentimental anthropomorphism, a kind of wistful fluttering of a hyper-sensitive heart in every slightest wind, an almost unhealthy fragility of soul, we must say so, even if, looking back at the public, Bliss and Garden Party side of the carpet again, we cannot help seeing through it to the seams behind.

"I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry," she wrote. She succumbed; that is her affair. She enjoyed writing verses, and very likely her stories are the better for having done so. Few of them were published, many of them were even rejected. "This treatment made her very reserved about her verses," says Mr. Murry; would to Heaven he had profited from that reserve.

Katherine Mansfield was so remarkable a writer that there is a good case for making some even of her less good unpublished remains available to that public which loved her. But this ought to be done with care, and the entrance to the small museum of what was not so much her work as her life should be marked For Friends Only, with appropriate warning that they may there learn and see some things they would rather not have seen. If her literary remains had to be collected for the public eye, one volume, and one only, containing everything, would have been infinitely preferable to Mr. Murry's gradual and piecemeal subtraction—it is nothing else—from her reputation. If his one aim had been to make her seem less gifted, less lovely, less unusual, than she seemed at the time of Bliss and The Garden Party, he could scarcely have gone about it any better. Exploitation is the word that must be used. He was her husband. He had the choice, whether to maintain her reputation or to enthrone his wife, and he has chosen the latter.

Katherine Mansfield, writer of short stories, belongs to all the rest of us who admired her as well as to him. But most of all she belonged to herself. Trespass upon that proud possession is not easily justified.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Bishop Lawrence

Fifty Years, by William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Paper 50c. Cloth $1.00.

IT is not easy to review this book as a book alone when already it has become an event. Whether truly or not, this brief autobiographical sketch is commonly regarded as the spark which set off the explosion of the Bishops' Pastoral whose echoes still are rolling around the ecclesiastical horizon. As one reads Bishop Lawrence's simple, candid, charming story of his spiritual pilgrimage, one is impressed with the extraordinary theological tension which could make so amiable and high-minded a narrative an occasion of convulsive uproar. The Bishop traces for us with intimate self-revelation the changes which half a century has brought to a sincere and devout mind. If the church cannot allow such a transparently honest and Christian statement to pass unchallenged, then the church is in a bad way indeed.

The writer of this book has been Bishop of Massachusetts for thirty years and he measures fifty years since he started for the theological seminary, "timid, humble, driven by a sense of duty and loyalty to Christ." In the background of that young student's mind were the theological convictions of New England's churches half a century ago, at the heart of which an inerrant Scripture reigned supreme over the thoughts of men on every subject under heaven and above it. "The world was created in six days in the year 4004 B. C.," writes the Bishop, "for Genesis and the date on the margin of the family Bible said so. Adam and Eve, the serpent, Noah and the flood destroying everybody and everything on the earth but the

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family and the animals entering the Ark two by two, Jonah and the whale, Joshua and the sun, Daniel and the lions' den, the three young men in the fiery furnace, were facts as real as anything that happened yesterday."

The story of the writer's normal intellectual development from these older forms of thought to the phrasing of the Christian Gospel in mental categories with which modern minds can feel at home is told with unaffected naturalness, with unsullied reverence, and without a note of condescension or controversy. What has happened, the ordinarily intelligent reader asks, that a record of development like this, typical of the best thinking and noblest living of the Christian church in the last generation, should rouse a storm as though an enemy of the church had spoken instead of one of her stanchest champions and most useful friends?

For he who can find anything dangerous in this book must be looking for trouble with assiduous anxiety to find it. Here, rather, is a story of spiritual liberation without the reduplication of which in multitudes of lives the last half century in the Christian church would be stripped of its best thinking and its most prophetic hopes. From old theories of fiat creation to the larger outlooks of evolution; from the inerrancy of the Scriptures' letter to the self-authenticating validity of the Scriptures' spirit; from artificial adhesions between great affairs of faith and small appendages to the freedom which finds God in the weightier matters of the law rather than in mint, anise, and cummin—such is the progress which the Bishop's story of his spiritual pilgrimage reveals.

Indeed, one aspect of this development might well be commended to all liberals. It is evident that Bishop Lawrence was not driven nor controlled in his change of views primarily by a restless intellectual rebellion which insists on denying tomorrow what is believed today. Rather, his change of views was due to his expanding spiritual life striking out for more air to breathe. It was not because he had grown less religious, but because he had become more religious, that he became more liberal. The expanding life of his spirit, smothered in old forms, burst through them like seed from a shell for the sake of fuller life and larger growth. If we had more liberalism of that variety, we should have less trouble with it. After all, what really matters in religion is richness of spiritual life, and when old opinions are cast off and new ones come because an expansive soul is crying for more room, liberalism becomes more than liberalism—it becomes a valid spiritual movement with some promise in it of abiding influence.

To be sure, like all growing minds, Bishop Lawrence has trouble when his changing categories come into collision with the time honored formulations of the classic creeds. He is convinced that "there is no essential connection between the belief in the Virgin Birth and a belief in the Incarnation;" he will not ask candidates for ordination in his diocese their position on the historicity of the virgin birth; but there the virgin birth stands in the Apostles' Creed which every Sunday both he and his clergy repeat. There is a rub that the creedal churches will have long puzzlement over before they are through. Shall they excommunicate men like Bishop Lawrence, who constitute a strong tie binding the new generations to the church of Christ? Shall they keep the old creeds as symbols, poetry, shibboleths, talismans, confessedly used without reference to their literal credibility? Shall they alter the creeds and try, as Edward Everett Hale suggested, to make a new one every year as birds build their nests? Or shall they confess that creeds do not unite Christians but divide them and always have done so, and that the sooner the churches cease depending on authoritative formulations in theology and begin to depend for real unity on fellowship in a common loyalty and purpose, the sooner real unity will arrive? One does not see any other possibilities beside these four. "Personally," says the good Bishop, "I cannot but feel that the Church is today placing undue confidence in her emphasis upon formal Creeds and their recital."

This little book is stimulating reading. Older folk will like it because it retraces steps that many of them have trodden also. Younger folk will like it because Bishop Lawrence's spirit is with the youth and he believes in them. He is reverent toward yesterday; he is in love with today; but he has faith in tomorrow. "I believe that the American youth," he says, "inheriting religious faith, mental powers, and alert bodies, are best won when faith is made an adventure, and when that adventure leads on through questions, struggles, sacrifice toward the truth."

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

Living Art

Living Art, twenty facsimile reproductions after paintings, drawings, and engravings, and ten photographs after sculpture by contemporary artists. New York: The Dial Publishing Company. $60.00.

EVERY once in a while a book comes into view that needs no other criticism than an inarticulate noise of delight; and this folio of Living Art is such a work.

To say baldly that this is a pretty representative collection of modern art, particularly in France and America, or to add that this volume shows consummate skill in printing and admirable patience in collecting is to give only a vague notion of the good things that it holds. Mr. Scofield Thayer, who has carried through this work, has put a whole gallery of pictures within the reach of people who could not easily purchase a single specimen of the originals; and he has done this without compromise or condescension. The process that created these facsimiles is faithful beyond the dreams of ordinary color photography or engraving; so that these pictures resemble the originals, not as the things of this world favor their platonic archetypes, but as the seal corresponds to the signet. In short, Mr. Thayer has not merely reproduced Living Art: he has enriched it.

The only sensation equivalent to opening up this folio for the first time is that of facing a table-full of hors d'oeuvres in a Parisian restaurant: one is a little embarrassed by the profusion and variety of the fare, and doesn't know where to begin first.

We speak of modern art as one thing; but this is true only when it is set off against the plodding accuracies of the illustrators and "renderers;" for in reality what is fresh and vigorous in contemporary painting and sculpture has no single mode of expression. Since Cézanne, who serves as a landmark, the number of new roads and points of attack have increased. The reason for these departures has been obscured a little by the philistines who could not understand them, as well as by the philistines who have pretended that they could, and between attack and counter-attack, between manifesto and denunciation, the capital point at issue—as so often happens in warfare—has been forgotten. It will serve, perhaps, to deepen appreciation of this collection if we recall the impulse under which this art has been produced.

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At the beginning of the twentieth century, the artist was the inheritor of a technical sophistication which threatened to destroy painting and sculpture as imaginative arts. The academies were capable of turning even awkward students into masters of optical photography: form and light and color and composition had been reduced to a series of rules that were almost hieratic in finality. The pedantry of the actual had overthrown the tyranny of the ideal. Faced with an impasse, it was necessary for the painter to disrupt reality in order that he might work his will on it afresh.

The means that were taken to shatter the mummy-case of art were numerous; and each school covers with its label a multitude of diverse talents, some of which, perhaps, were too feeble to float on the surface of anything but a "movement." The Cubists who placed a rigorous emphasis upon the structure beneath the surface gave rise in turn to the abstractionists who sought to reduce the manifest content of the picture in order to isolate the perception of "Form." The figures in Picasso's pencil drawing (No. 10 in the Dial folio) are interesting examples of this second tendency: so, too, are the subtly modulated masses of Brancusi. Add to these groups the expressionists who found through a certain emotional cacophony a new approach to graphic art, and the mechanists, those ingenious artists—among them Archipenko and Duchamps-Villon—who discovered the aesthetic importance of machinery. To catalogue all the tendencies that have showed themselves during the last two decades would be almost to enumerate the artists of distinction, or at any rate, to isolate various "moments" in their career. Picasso, for example, has run the gamut from Cubism to Classicism.

The point to grasp is that these departures caused no genuine breach in the tradition of the graphic arts: what has seemed a breach turns out, at worst, to be an unrealized experiment. Nor is it an accident that there is now a steady drift back to more conventional forms of representation; for it was precisely to recover the integrity of the imagination, unburdened by irrelevant knowledge and experience, that the modern movement has taken place. Along with what we might call the "laboratory products" of the period, a great deal of solid and indisputably authentic work has been produced; and with a few exceptions, the Dial folio emphasizes the more stable aspects of contemporary art. Signac's calm animation in La Rochelle, Picasso's restrained Le Bain des Chevaux, Marin's heady interpretation of Lower Manhattan, Wyndham Lewis's unflinching rigor in A Head of a Girl, Boardman Robinson's dramatic intensity in The Hands of Moses—here are pictures whose enduring qualities would distinguish them in any collection. Plainly, the accidents that have attended the birth of modern art have not affected the essence. Now, as always, the aim of art is poignantly to transform the passing moments of exquisite perception, emotion, or sentiment into a solid, recapturable form.

How enduring these qualities are, and how recoverable is the mood that they evoke, is something one cannot easily learn by traversing the halls of museums and galleries; still less does one discover it by listening to the patter of criticism. One can acquire it, indeed, only by living in the presence of these pictures and returning to them again and again. For one thing, the spectator must form fresh habits of vision: in visual art the negligence and obtuseness of habit deadens response more completely, perhaps, than in any other field. The eye resents every attempt to lift it above pragmatic uses and easy adjustments: it protested when Turner intensified on canvas the effect of pure light alone; it objected when Monet revealed unsullied colors in "dark" shadows, and during the last generation it has had a dozen occasions to declare insult and injury.

"That is not what I see," says the eye, huffled. Of course not; and if it were, there would be precious little use in putting it on paper. No one ever talked in rhyme, either, as Mr. Weller remarked, "'ceptin Rowland's Macassar Oil," and yet verse brings a unique satisfaction which the highest prose cannot convey. It is not by the exercise of the eye that the graphic arts live; for art resides ultimately only in the mind's eye; and our commonplace vision is but the vestibule to the sanctuary. Should we be surprised that it needs a good deal of affectionate sympathy and devotion before the highest products of the imagination surrender themselves; or that the picture which remained indifferent in a gallery may become a vivid delight in one's home?

I have no doubt that many people would find modern art less mystifying and forbidding once they used the Dial folio to promote friendly intercourse. By providing this means of contact, Mr. Thayer has extended the milieu of art and the artist in America: these five hundred copies are, as it were, five hundred separate exhibitions of Living Art. Not everyone will agree with Mr. Thayer's every choice; for it would need ten times thirty reproductions to correct for personal bias and interest; but if the reader think my praise extravagant, let him examine and ponder the folio itself. Its acceptance and appreciation would argue a certain cultural maturity in the community; and I cordially recommend this work to librarians in little towns who wish to enlarge the scope of their activities, as well as to the individual lover of Living Art.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Improving the World

Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind, by Donald Ogden Stewart. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

WHY do the suppressionists always attack the wrong books?

Here is a tract by Donald Ogden Stewart which is as trenchant an assault on Mr. Sumner's sort of world as twenty Jurgens or Casanovas, and yet it is circulating quietly as the latest diversion of one of our younger humorists and enjoyed a large Christmas sale as gifts among Aunt Polly's own family.

Starting with the perception that there is an obverse to the story of utopias—an obverse which the history books provide—he writes Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind and satirizes not only the writers of the recent mass of Outline books but more keenly the society which buys them. There is very little spleen expressed of the seething mass which might have boiled up in Mr. Stewart as he wrote. His formula for confounding fools is not to argue with them but to restate their position in the simplest possible terms and leave the rest to the reader. That is why the style is that of Jacob Abbott or Louisa Alcott, while the thought is the thought that lay behind Gulliver and Zadig.

Aunt Polly, Nordic and Christian and the wife of the president of the First National Bank, tells her story of how the world got better and better until it reached its present perfection to her snobbish and spoiled little son and his three poorer cousins. It is, after all, we reflect, the Kultur that most of us, directly or indirectly, absorb.

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The Egyptian religion and the American one, the Russian Revolution and '76 have similarities, but specious ones. Jesus Christ, "who was practically a Jew" is properly explained to these budding minds. There are readings from the Bible "and other Harvard Classics." Greece is extolled in terms of Sparta and not Athens.

The late war is restated in miniature in the tactics of two fifth-grade "armies" of Christian Scouts organized by Aunt Polly. There is profiteering in air rifles, alleged atrocities about the poisoning of a dog, the race and draftee problems represented in capsule form by Ikey Ginsberg and Johnnie Pope, the little colored boy, persecution of the "slackers," and the glorious pageant of Peace at the end, which terminates, to the healthy relief of everybody, in the grand fist-fight between the two corps of Christian Scouts and in a score of kicked shins and also gory noses.

Some of the chapters stand by themselves: the hilarious Siege of Troy in David's back-yard and the awful creation of the earth in David's bathroom. Mr. Stewart's talent as a delineator of the American juvenile unexpectedly emerges. The "Fifth Grade News" edited by Mary Smith (one of the cousins) adds the scalps of the feature paper and the sex magazine to his belt. "The Married Life of Helen and Warren" and "Today's Serial," we hasten to note, were written by Mr. Stewart and not by Mary. But the "Siege of Troy" might very well have happened.

KURT DANIELS.

T. Jefferson Coolidge

The Autobiography of T. Jefferson Coolidge. 1831-1920. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.00.

A DULL book but a striking justification of the popular conception of New England character. Mr. Coolidge presses hastily by Emerson, Lincoln and the other giants of his day to lay his sheep-laurel at the feet of Harrison and Blaine. He was long an overseer of Harvard University and a Republican in religion but does not mention Roosevelt. One rejoices that he was appointed minister to France, for on page 163 we learn that he pitied the shabby lot of American art students in Paris—wellnigh the only faint suggestion of chivalry in the book.

Here is the sole entry in this diary for 1870-71. "... The capture of Paris occurred January 1871—The United States continued prosperous, the disorders in Europe having a tendency to increase immigration and give a high value to our securities." An earlier entry concerns a nearer conflict: "I paid $785 for a substitute and as much as one thousand was paid. Many of the men deserted to other states, where they received new bounties." Mr. Coolidge's opinion of modesty emerges in this sentence, "The mayor nominated as Park Commissioners myself, Charles H. Dalton and William Gray, Jr." As namesake and descendant of Thomas Jefferson, he piously collects his papers and plans. When, however, he reverts to his own character, he indorses this excerpt from a description of the West Indies, "Under Negro rule—and that is what democracy means here—life, *property* and the pursuit of happiness would be uncertain." (Italics ours.) After this what matters an ascent of Mont Blanc and a benevolent interest in science?

Mr. Coolidge was singularly astute and successful in diverse forms of commercial life. He possessed all the ancient virtues—courage, self-control, loyalty and a sense of justice. He had his full measure of family pride. But he shoulders most people out of the way. His book—not originally meant for the public—is Victorianism without poetry. It is Puritanism without piety. It is culture stripped of tenderness.

A. W. V.

The Cambridge Ancient History, Edited by J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook and F. E. Adcock. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.50.

THIS is the last to be initiated of the three famous Cambridge sets which aim to survey the history of the western world from the earliest oriental antiquity to the opening of the twentieth century. It is well executed by competent authors, and covers the period from the primitive background of oriental history down to 1580 B. C., dealing with the civilizations of both Egypt and Mesopotamia. In general, it makes more concessions to the "new" or cultural history than either the Cambridge Medieval History or the Cambridge Modern History. Probably the most notable aspect of the volume is the two remarkable chapters by J. L. Myres on the so-called "prehistoric" background of the history of Europe and Asia. Nowhere has there been worked out more impressive concrete proof of the value of anthropology as the logical and chronological introduction to history. There are good chapters on early Egyptian and Babylonian civilization by Professors Peet and Thompson. One must regret that Professor L. W. King did not live to write the chapters on his special field of the history of the cultures of early Mesopotamia. And the bounds of insularity might have been appropriately transcended by inviting Professor Breasted to contribute one of the chapters on early Egyptian civilization.

H. E. B.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, philosopher, educator and writer, is the author of Studies in Logical Theory, School and Society, and Democracy and Politics. His most recent book is Human Nature and Conduct, An Introduction to Social Psychology.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a Washington journalist who has followed the question of naval petroleum reserves since its inception.

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ANNE HARD (Mrs. William Hard) has done newspaper work and has contributed articles and stories to a number of magazines.

FRANK SIMONDS, journalist, is the author of They Shall Not Pass—Verdun, 1916, and A History of the World War in five volumes.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, professor of practical theology at Union Theological Seminary, has written a number of books, The Second Mile, The Manhood of the Master, The Assurance of Immorality, The Meaning of Prayer, The Challenge of the Present Crisis, and The Meaning of Service.

LEWIS MUMFORD has published frequent articles in the Journal of the American Institute of Architects. His Story of Utopias was brought out last winter by Boni & Liveright.

KURT DANIELS, Amherst 1923, is now on the staff of Time.

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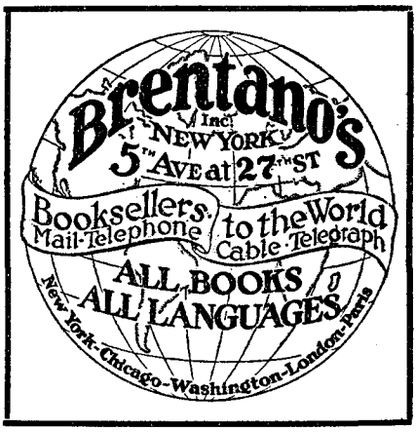

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